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# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.

## WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

One of the greatest of our modern novelists, William Makepeace Thackeray, has almost suddenly been called from us in the very zenith of his fame. Although one year older than Mr. Charles Dickens, the latter gentleman had already gained a position in the literary world before the name of Thackeray was known. This is readily accounted for, as Mr. Thackeray's first ambition was to be an artist; and it is stated that as such he one day waited on Mr. Charles Dickens with a variety of sketches, offering to illustrate the "Pickwick Papers," then about to be issued in the now well-known form of shilling numbers. The refusal on the part of Mr. Dickens caused him to exclaim, "If I cannot draw to please any one, I will write to please somebody." That he succeeded in this, the great popularity of many of his works is ample testimony; and to earn for himself the distinguished title of the legitimate successor of Fielding, must at once stamp him a genius of no ordinary standard.

Mr. Thackeray was born at Calcutta in 1811. His father was in the civil service of the East India Company; and his grandfather, the Rev. Richard Thackeray, of Hadley, in Middlesex, though of a good old Yorkshire family. At the early age of seven the subject of our sketch and illustration was sent to this country to receive his education, and was placed in the Charterhouse School, an institution he has affectionately commemorated in several of his works—particularly in "The Newcomes." From thence he went to Cambridge; but did not remain to take up his degree. Being heir to considerable property—£20,000, it is said—and, as before observed, being ambitious to shine as an artist, he travelled and studied for four or five years in France, England, and Germany. On returning to England he still pursued his art studies; but encountering several losses, which considerably reduced his fortune, and not succeeding to his wish in the line he had adopted, as the above incident with Mr. Charles Dickens may serve to show, he applied himself vigorously to literature. He afterwards entered himself of the Middle Temple, but apparently without any intention of following the law as his profession. At this time he had commenced writing for "Fraser's Magazine," under the names of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, and George Fitz-Boodle, Esquire. Tales, descriptive scenes, criticisms, and poetry, were dashed off with considerable force, though for a time they attracted little more than passing attention.

Mr. Thackeray was thirty years of age before he made any great effort to realize a position and name; but by this time, by his knowledge of the world in his foreign travel, his mind had become fully matured and stored with almost every phase of life; and, as every one must confess, in his portraiture he stands unequalled in modern days. From 1840 to 1843, Mr. Thackeray published several works, but none exciting particular attention, until the commencement of "Punch," in 1841, afforded him rare scope for his satirical sketches, and his papers, signed "The Fat Contributor," soon became famous, as did also his "James's Diary" and the "Snob Papers." Several other small works followed, during which, however, he was steadily preparing his great work of "Vanity Fair," which was published in shilling parts. It

looked London by surprise—the picture was so true, the satire was so trenchant, the style was so finished. "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" followed, and it is difficult to say which of these three works is his best.

In the summer of 1851, Mr. Thackeray appeared as a lecturer. His subject was "The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century." These lectures were not only given in the principal towns

another new work. With all his high spirits, however, he lately did not seem well. He complained of illness; but he was often ill, and he laughed off his present attack. He said he was about to undergo some treatment which would work a perfect cure in his system; and so he made light of his malady. He was suffering from two distinct complaints, one of which has now wrought his death. More than a dozen years ago, while he was writing "Pendennis," it will be remembered that the publication of that work was stopped by his serious illness. He was brought to death's door, and he was saved from death by Dr. Elliotson, to whom, in gratitude, he dedicated the novel when he lived to finish it. But ever since that ailment he has been subject every month or six weeks to attacks of sickness, attended with violent retching. He was congratulating himself a few days before his death on the failure of his old enemy to return, and then he checked himself, as if he ought not to be too sure of release from his plague. On the Wednesday morning, the complaint returned, and he was in great suffering all day. He was no better in the evening, and his servant, about the time of leaving him for the night, proposed to sit up with him. This he declined. He was heard moving about midnight, and he must have died between two and three on the morning of Thursday. His medical attendants attribute his death to effusion on the brain. They add that he had a very large brain, weighing no less than 56½ oz. He thus died of the complaint which seemed to trouble him least. He died full of strength and rejoicing, full of plans and hopes.

On Wednesday last the mortal remains of this great master of pathos and satire were consigned to their last resting-place at Kensal-green Cemetery, within the same enclosure which contains the dust of Thomas Hood. The leading features which characterized the late lamented author are well sketched in the following extract from Brinsley's "Essays":—

"Mr. Thackeray's humour does not mainly consist in the creation of oddities of manner, habit, or feeling, but in so representing actual men and women as to excite a sense of incongruity in the reader's mind—a feeling that the follies and vices described are deviations from an ideal of humanity always present to the writer. The real is described vividly, with that perception of individuality which constitutes the artist; but the description implies and suggests a standard higher than itself, not by any direct assertion of such a standard, but by an unmistakable irony. The moral antithesis of actual and ideal is the root from which spring the peculiar charm of Mr. Thackeray's writings; that mixture of gaiety and seriousness, of sarcasm and tenderness, of enjoyment and cynicism, which reflects so well the contradictory consciousness of man as a being with senses and passions and limited knowledge

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

in England and Scotland, but also in America. On his return, several other works were published, besides a number of essays, poems, satirical sketches, &c. His least successful work was, perhaps, "The Virginians." In 1855, Mr. Thackeray again crossed the Atlantic, with four more lectures—"The Four Georges." These he also repeated on his return.

Up to the time of his death, which took place suddenly on Thursday morning, the 24th ult., he still pursued his literary labours with indefatigable zeal, and had written the opening chapters of

yet with a conscience and a reason speaking to him of eternal laws, and a moral order of the universe. It is this that makes Mr. Thackeray a profound moralist just as Hogarth showed his knowledge of perspective by drawing a landscape throughout in violation of its rules. So, in Mr. Thackeray's picture of society as it is, society as it ought to be is implied. He could not have painted "Vanity Fair" as he has, unless Eden had been shining brightly in his inner eyes. The historian of snobs indicates in every touch his fine sense of a gentleman or a lady."



## Notes of the Week.

At Capel-street Police-court, Dublin, on Saturday morning, three privates of the 86th Regiment were brought before the presiding magistrates, in custody of Patrick Duffy, 117 D, charged with having been accessory to the death of another private soldier, who was stabbed through the heart in Brown-street on that morning, between one and two o'clock. His worship referred the case to the coroner for investigation, as the deceased died in a few minutes after being conveyed to the Richmond Surgical Hospital. Dr. White held an inquest on the body, and having heard the evidence, the jury returned a verdict to the effect that deceased died from a wound through the heart, inflicted by John M'Namara. Moor and Corbett were acquitted, and M'Namara was committed for trial at commission.

On Saturday, about twelve o'clock, as some men were in the carpet ground fields, adjacent to the embankment of the North London and Hampstead Junction Railway, they observed a well-dressed man walking along the line. Of this no particular notice was taken, as it is no uncommon occurrence to see persons on the top of the embankment. The driver of a passenger train which was approaching the Kentish-town Station saw the person alluded to in close proximity to the metals, and blew his whistle to caution him. Instead of going to a distance from the line, however, he deliberately placed his head upon the rails. The driver used every effort to stop and reverse his engine, but before he could do so the scraper, or iron guard in front of the engine, had struck the suicide and thrown him to some distance. When picked up it was found that the back part of his head was dreadfully injured. The men who were in the field were called, and conveyed the wounded man to the University Hospital. He died there about six o'clock in the evening. The deceased was ascertained to be a Mr. Thomas Young, of 32, Grafton-road, Kentish-town.

An inquiry was held on Saturday night at Guy's Hospital by Mr. W. J. Payne, deputy coroner for London and Southwark, touching the death of Mr. William Charles Brewerton, aged forty-four, who lost his life by accident at the Greenwich Station of the South Eastern Railway. Mr. S. Brewerton, 14, Royal-road, Greenwich, said that deceased was a landscape gardener. He stated to witness that the previous Tuesday evening he left the London-bridge terminus by the 9.25 train. He fell asleep, and when he awoke at the Greenwich Station he found the carriage in which he was entirely empty. He opened the same door by which he had entered at London-bridge, and got out thinking he was stepping on to the platform. He fell, however, on to the line across the metals. An engine came along and ran over both his legs. He died on the Thursday from those injuries. Mr. J. Harris, an employee of the railway company, said that a short time since the doors of the carriages were all kept locked in consequence of three persons having stepped out like deceased on the wrong side; but the public seemed to think they could never get out fast enough, and the letters and complaints that poured in were so numerous that the doors had to be unlocked again. It was not possible to tell beforehand at which side the train would come up to the platform. The jury returned the following special verdict:—"That the deceased came by his death accidentally by stepping out of the wrong side of a certain railway carriage, and the jurors consider that the railway company should take such steps as may be necessary for the safety of the public by locking the doors of railway carriages on that side of the train which is not brought up to the platform."

On Saturday evening last an unfortunate occurrence took place resulting in the death of a woman named Catherine Lewis, wife of Richard Lewis, a master carter, residing in Church-street, Soho, Liverpool. It appears that on the evening in question Lewis returned home and found his wife in the yard preparing provender for the horses which he kept, and the dwelling-house which adjoins the yard being closed, he asked her for the key to open the door. She was then partially intoxicated, and was unable to furnish him with the key, and getting alarmed she ran to her sister in Bennett-street. The house in the meantime had been entered by means of a ladder, by which a man, named Radcliffe, in Lewis's employ, scaled the outer wall, and Lewis then went to his sister-in-law's and brought his wife home. Radcliffe and a man named Williams, also employed by Lewis, accompanied the latter into a public-house, where they had some drink, and the deceased also had drink in the same place. On reaching home Lewis and the deceased remained together apparently on friendly terms, and nothing more was thought of the unpleasantness that had originally arisen. It seems that Lewis, when alone with his wife, had some further misunderstanding with her respecting the disappearance of some bedclothes, and while she was sitting in a chair he dealt her a blow on the neck with his hand, which caused her almost instant death. He made every exertion to revive her, but his efforts being unsuccessful, he obtained the attendance of Dr. Taylor, Springfield, but the medical gentleman on his arrival pronounced life to be extinct. Lewis, who has been habitually a sober man for a considerable time, was deeply affected at the unfortunate issue of the dispute, and when taken into custody shed tears copiously.

On Monday morning a Captain Mahoney committed suicide by cutting his throat at his lodgings, No. 8, Cecil-street, Strand, under very remarkable circumstances. The unfortunate gentleman had been for some time past under medical treatment for delirium tremens, and about ten minutes before eight o'clock one of the servants hearing a noise in the passage, went up-stairs, and found the captain lying on the floor weltering in blood, his head being close to the street door. An immediate alarm being raised, a policeman of the F division was called in, and conveyed the wounded man to Charing-cross Hospital, where Mr. Hughes, the house surgeon, rendered all possible assistance, but unavailing, as death ensued in ten minutes after the unhappy man had reached the hospital. The determined act was committed in the bed-room occupied by the deceased on the second floor, as there were evidence of the fact, blood being splashed over the bed and furniture, and after he had cut his throat, he struggled downstairs, and went into the drawing-room, where apparently he sat down on a chair, and then must have endeavoured to reach the street door to get out into the street, as blood was all down the stairs to the spot where he was found.

On Monday, Mr. Payne, coroner, held an inquiry in St. John's Vestry Hall, Horseleydown, respecting the death of Thomas Ragan, aged 25. William Shaw said that on Christmas morning between twelve and one o'clock deceased and others were employed in loading a steam vessel off Gunshot Wharf, Horseleydown. Deceased was in the act of rolling a truck full of hides on board when the truck overset, and he was pitched headlong into the water. Some time elapsed before he could be got out of the river, and he was then quite dead. It was stated that at the water side it is so necessary to take advantage of the rise and fall of the tide that even Christmas-day gives no respite to the stavedores and others who have to load out-going vessels. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death in the Thames."

HALL'S LUNG RESTORER FOR ASTHMA.—Mr. R. Brooke, Mirfield says: "Three 1s. 1½d. bottles of Hall's Lung Restorer completely cured me of an asthmatic complaint of ten years' standing, and this when all else had failed." Prepared by T. Hall, 6, Commercial-st., Shoreditch, London, N.E. And sold by most chemists in bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. Ask your nearest chemist to procure you a bottle from any of the medicine warehouses.—[Advertisement.]

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

A letter from Paris contains the following piece of news:—"I am glad to be able to report that the Emperor of the French is at last about taking active measures to provide the coast of France with efficient lifeboats. The Minister of Marine has written to his agents in London to collect all the information they can bearing on the subject, and to put themselves forthwith in connexion with the National Lifeboat Institution. The society has offered the Minister every kind of co-operation in the way of superintending the building of lifeboats, their equipment, &c., and also, if necessary, to send to France one of its inspectors to assist in every way in the organization of lifeboat stations on the French coast, which extends over 1,000 miles. With the exception of Dunkirk, Calais, Boulogne, Havre, and one or two other places, not a lifeboat is to be found on that long seaboard. During the present year the shipwrecks on the shores of France have been unusually numerous, occasioning great destruction of property, and the loss of many valuable lives. It is only just to add that it is Admiral Paris, of the French Imperial navy, who has again drawn the attention of the French Government to the admirable system of lifeboats on the English coast, under the management of the National Lifeboat Institution."

## ITALY.

The *Stampa* gives a denial to the rumours of extraordinary armaments being carried on by the Italian Government, and says:—

"Italy has been occupied for the last four years in forming her army. The possession of Venice by Austria is, doubtless, fraught with continual danger to peace in Europe, but it will not be Italy who, by impatience, will give the signal for war. Italy will not depart from that wise moderation of which she has given so many proofs, and to which she owes her successes."

## POLAND.

A private letter from Warsaw of the 12th inst. states that the military commanders of that city are beginning to be uneasy at the forcible manner in which opinion has expressed itself throughout Europe against the tortures inflicted on political prisoners. Finding that no faith is placed in their unconfirmed denials forwarded to the newspapers they have adopted another method. Some time since two householders of Warsaw were arrested, confined in the citadel, and severely flogged. The fact was mentioned in the foreign papers and created some sensation. The police immediately arrested two more members of the same family, and after a few days' confinement in the citadel they were offered their liberty on condition that they would address a letter to the papers stating that the accusation of prisoners in the citadel being cruelly treated is untrue. They refused to do so, and the four persons are still in confinement. The writer of the letter would give the names of the parties but that he knows he would aggravate their position by doing so.

The *Temps* publishes several letters from Polish exiles lately sent into Russia. The following is dated Moscow, 26th of November:—

"I write you a few lines from Moscow. Neither our prayers, nor our tears, nor our sickness have had any effect. We convicts are not allowed to be ill, and we must all of us proceed on the road marked out for us. Several women with children at the breast, decrepit old men, and even madmen, form part of our convoy. On the passage from St. Petersburg to Moscow a woman died in the railway carriage; her body was thrown out of the window, and the train proceeded. My travelling companion has now proceeded to Nijni with his companions in misfortune. We go on to-morrow. Communicate this to my friends, and receive the farewell of a poor galienne."

## DENMARK.

The following is the text of the proclamation issued on behalf of the Prince of Augustenburg:—

"Men of Altona.—It now depends upon all that the country should loudly and plainly declare for our duke. Prussia and Austria do not strike the first blow, nor the German Bund. The will of the country is decisive. The inhabitants of our town must immediately assure the duke of their loyalty. Men of Altona.—The burgo-master must either render obedience to our ruler, or we renounce our obedience to the burgo-master. Traitors and cowards should not be suffered among us at this moment. Traitors to their country should not stand at the head of Altona. Either, therefore, the civic authorities of Altona render obedience to Duke Frederick or they have ceased to be authorities over us. Long live Frederick VIII! Down with the traitors to the country! Down with the weak-hearted! Long live the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein."

## JAPAN.

Advices from Japan say that affairs are in a critical state. A great conference had taken place at Yeddo to discuss the advisability of entirely excluding foreigners from the country."

## AMERICA.

"Manhattan," the correspondent at New York of the *Morning Herald*, writes:—

"England will have to prepare for a new demand that will be made by this Administration before four months have passed. It will be done for two great reasons. One will be to humiliate England, and make her back down, as she made us back down in the Trent affair. Another reason will be to make capital with the Democratic, and particularly with the Irish party, secure the election of Mr. Lincoln in this State, or to gain him great popularity. The Government of Great Britain recognised the rebels as belligerents. The present Ministry will be made to eat humble pie—will be made to withdraw that concession to the rebels before Congress has been in session two months. The reasons that Mr. Seward will give under instructions from the President will be, that the English Ministry made an insulting blunder—that it supposed a new nation had been formed by Mr. Davis, and that it would prove a success. Mr. Seward will say that it has been a failure—that the rebellion is now ended—that all resistance is closed; and he will prove by the leading paper at Richmond the remarkable statement made by the *Whig*, that has already been copied into almost every paper North, to show that the rebellion is ended. 'We have a State Department, that has not been able in three years to establish relations with any other State. We have a Treasury Department that has gone to total ruin. We have a War Department, whose chief never had the slightest acquaintance with anything else than civil life. We have a Navy Department, without a navy. We have a Post-office Department, and no mails. We have a Department of Justice, without any courts.' Mr. Seward will tell Mr. Adams to cram all that down the throat of the clever Gladstone, who talked about a new nation. The result will be that the English Ministry will be forced to withdraw their acknowledgment as belligerents, or prepare for a war with us. The Government at Washington sees clearly that the time has past when England can do us any harm, or help the rebels; and now will commence a trial of how close we can grind English noses upon the Washington grindstone, and how much capital can be made by the operation. I suppose that while Mr. Seward is making his demands, he will also demand that those citizens of the United States now in London that refuse to avail themselves of the late glorious and benevolent proclamation of the President, and take the new oath of allegiance drawn up by him, shall be ordered to

quit the British dominions within sixty days. This will effectually end British sympathy for those poor devils the rebels."

Upon the afternoon of the 14th ult. General Longstreet, who had been reinforced, turned and attacked the pursuing force of the Federals near Pear Station, on Cumberland Gap and Moreston Railroad, driving the Federals back a distance of half a mile. General Longstreet simultaneously executed a movement to cross the river and to get in the Federals' rear, but failed to effect a passage across the river. More fighting is expected.

Advices from Charleston to the 15th ult. state that the shelling of the city continued with trifling damage. An accidental fire occurred in Fort Sumter, killing ten and injuring thirty men.

The *New York Herald* has nominated General Grant as candidate for the next presidency, and has put forward as an electioneering cry that he would demand from England an indemnity for the depredations of privateers, and would expel the French from Mexico.

## THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATEER RAPPAHANNOCK.

THE most searching investigation has been made by the Lords of the Admiralty into all the circumstances attending the equipment, fitting out, and departure from the Nore of the Confederate privateer Rappahannock, formerly her Majesty's screw gun-vessel Victor, 6, 350-horse power, attached to the Chatham Steam Reserve Squadron. The correspondence which has taken place between the officials of the dockyards and the Board of Admiralty has been conducted, and is still being carried on, with the greatest possible secrecy, but during the last few days some important circumstances have become known with respect to the transaction. The result of the investigation which has taken place has been, it is said, to exonerate the officials at Chatham dockyard from having been connected with the illegal proceedings, as their responsibility ceased the moment that vessel was sold out of the steam reserve and the order was received from the Admiralty for her to pass into the hands of the parties by whom she was purchased. From inquiries since instituted it would seem that the Victor was purchased by a London firm, trading, as would now appear, under an assumed name, and that several of the Government mechanics, if not under the express orders, at all events with the cognisance, of certain of the officials, were illegally allowed to be employed in assisting to equip the vessel, several of the number, connected, it is asserted, chiefly with the engineer department, proceeding from Sheerness dockyard to Calais on board the Victor when she escaped from the Nore. The whole of the hands who were proved to have taken any part in the breach of the neutrality laws by assisting in the equipment of the Rappahannock, as well as the men who proceeded to Calais with that vessel, have been dismissed from Sheerness dockyard, ostensibly for being absent from their duty without leave, but in reality for the part they were proved to have taken in the matter. The conduct of certain of the dockyard officials, who, there is reason to believe, allowed themselves to become implicated in the fitting out of the Victor after she had ceased to be a Government vessel, is now under the consideration of the Admiralty, and a rumour has been current at Chatham that two of the number, both of whom held responsible offices in Sheerness dockyard, would be called on to resign their appointments to avoid their dismissal from her Majesty's service. With regard to the other vessels attached to the Chatham Steam Reserve which are ordered to be sold out of the service, such precautions are directed to be taken that no apprehension need be entertained of any of the number falling into the hands of persons who will use them so as to again violate the neutrality laws.

## FOUR INFANTS SUFFOCATED IN BED IN LIVERPOOL.

THERE were no fewer than four inquests held on Saturday upon the bodies of infants who had been suffocated in bed by being overlain by their mothers. In one case, that of Alice Vaughan, whose parents reside at 10, Leicester-street, it appeared from the evidence of deceased's sister, an intelligent little girl of about ten years of age, that the mother was much given to excessive drinking, and sometimes sent the little girl out as often as ten times during the day for a glass of rum. The infant was found suffocated in bed on Saturday morning, and the little girl stated to the court that her mother was not sober when she went to bed, although she was not so much intoxicated as she (the witness) had seen her on former occasions. The coroner said he was at a loss to know what course to adopt under such circumstances. Fortunately for the woman, the judges took a different view of such cases to what he did, or he should send her to Kirkdale Gaol to be tried for manslaughter. Mr. Henderson, the late recorder, and himself had had a long conference as to whether anything could be done to put a stop to these cases. He (the coroner) had remarked to Mr. Henderson that he should be glad if any way could be pointed out, that he could only explain the law to the jury, and unless the jury found that the mother was drunk when the child was overlain, he could do nothing in it. Mr. Henderson replied, "I hope you will never allow a case to pass where it is proved to have resulted from drunkenness." He had promised that he would not; but what was the result? The other day, when a case of this sort occurred, he committed the woman for trial for manslaughter, but the grand jury threw out the bill. He had often thought that it would be better not to have grand juries in such cases, but that they should be brought only before petty juries, who would have all the details laid before them, and would thus have the best opportunity of forming a correct opinion upon the merits of the charge. The foreman of the jury intimated that there was a difference of opinion amongst them. They felt a difficulty in finding a verdict, as there was no evidence before them but that of the mother, who was no doubt a very drunken woman, and that of the little girl; and they (the jury) thought it a very painful thing for the little girl to have to give evidence against her mother. The Coroner: What I advise you to do is to return an open verdict of "Found suffocated." The mother can then be brought up at any future period if it should be found necessary. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the advice of the coroner. The coroner, addressing the woman, said she ought to be thankful that the jury had taken such a merciful view of the case, and expressed his regret that he was unable to send her for trial for manslaughter. To the jury he observed, "There are no fewer than four of these cases to-day." The foreman: There is no doubt that they are the result of the parents going to bed drunk. The coroner coincided with this view of the case, and the subject then dropped.—*Liverpool Courier*.

EXPENSES OF THE CRAWLEY COURT-MARTIAL.—We understand that the Secretary of State for War has issued instructions that a separate and distinct record, of the minutest kind, be kept of the expenses of the court-martial, which ended in the full and honourable acquittal of Colonel Crawley, in order that a clear statement of the expenditure may be forthcoming should any question be raised in parliament when the estimates are under discussion.—*United Service Gazette*.

WOMEN IN BATTLE.—The correspondent of the *Cincinnati Times*, describing a fight with part of General Bragg's forces at Ringgold, near Chattanooga, says:—"Several of the fair sex were in the Confederate ranks, and conducted themselves with a great deal of courage. We make no reflections on their taste in entering the ranks with negroes and greasy graybacks. Rebellion now needs every aid on the earth above or in the caverns under it."

HORNMAN'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents.—[Advertisement.]



## General News.

## A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

A CURIOUS article has been published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, giving dates, names of officials and vessels of war, as if intended to be taken as literal fact. It is a history of Philip Nolan, who is described as having been, in 1805, a lieutenant in the United States' army, and who became implicated with Burrin some of his schemes of 'treason.' Nolan was tried before a court-martial found guilty, and, when asked if he had anything to say why he had not been faithful to the United States, he replied, "— the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again." The court-martial, it is said, took him at his word, and sentenced him to be hanged forthwith a man without a country. The authorities at Washington approved the sentence, and immediately after, Nolan was transported to a Government vessel bound on a long cruise. From that time up to the hour of his death—a period of nearly sixty years—the United States became to him as if they never had existed. Whenever the vessel upon which he was embarked approached this country he was transferred to one outward bound. The name of the United States was never mentioned in his hearing. All books and papers, before going to him, were carefully examined, and every allusion to this country completely removed. He was so surrounded that under no circumstances was anything relating to the United States mentioned in his hearing. During his last sickness, and a few hours before his death, his physician, in obedience to his urgent entreaties, gave him a summary of the changes which occurred from 1807 down to May, 1863, during all which time not one syllable relative to this country had ever reached him. He is stated to have died on the United States' corvette *Levant*, on the 11th of May of the present year. "I tell you," says the doctor, "it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him—of emigration and the means of it; of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs; of inventions, and books, and literature; of the colleges and West Point, and the Naval School; but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years. I told him everything I could think of that would show him the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal rebellion. And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place, and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page, and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me. 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvellous kindness,' and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me, 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favour to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,' and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning; it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me. I thought he was tired, and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone. But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away. We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper, written, 'Bury me in the sea—it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams, or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say so in memory of Philip Nolan, Lieutenant in the army of the United States. He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.'"

**DISGRACEFUL SCENE IN A ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL.**  
On the evening of Christmas Day a disgraceful proceeding took place in St. Anne's Roman Catholic Chapel, Lord-street, Edge-hill, Liverpool. As is usual at this festive season of the year, a midnight service was performed in the chapel, the Rev. Father Sullivan and two other resident priests assisting at the altar. The doors of the sacred edifice were opened about five minutes before twelve o'clock on Thursday night, but some time before that hour a large number of people had congregated together in front of the chapel, and it was noticed that several of the crowd were in a state of intoxication. Money was expected at the doors on entering the chapel, and the majority of those who went in contributed; but about a quarter-past twelve o'clock, in a few moments after the service had commenced, the Rev. Father Sullivan and the other two officiating priests being at the altar, two men entered the chapel, but refused to pay anything at the door. They were observed to be intoxicated, and it was also noticed that they were acting in concert with a group of men outside, who also appeared to be more or less drunk. The two men above named had not been in the chapel many minutes before their conduct became very unbecoming and disorderly. In a loud tone they made use of very offensive epithets in reference to the Roman Catholic religion, and ultimately the officers belonging to the chapel made an effort to eject them. This was the signal for the commencement of a scene of indescribable confusion and disorder. Some forty or fifty men, apparently labouring under the influence of liquor, and in a state of wild excitement, rushed into the chapel and jumped on to the benches during the time service was being performed. They shouted and bawled as they stood on the benches, making use of foul language, and amongst other remarks several of them called out, "To hell with the Pope," "D—n the priests," and several other equally offensive expressions were made use of. The chapel was nearly filled with the regular congregation, and on the disturbance commencing, and the remarks above-named being made, several of the members present endeavoured to turn the disorderly persons out, on which a general row took place, attended with fighting between the parties inside the chapel. The service was of course stopped, and as may be imagined, the greatest consternation was caused. The Rev. Father Sullivan, who is said to be in very indifferent health, was so much affected by the scene of disorder and riot before him, that he fainted, and was carried away from the altar in his full vestments, into an adjoining apartment, and the two other priests also retired until order could be restored. Information of what was going forward in the chapel having been conveyed to the police authorities, Inspector Wilson and a number of officers entered the chapel, and in a short time succeeded in turning out the disturbing parties; many of them, however, endeavoured to go in again, but they were prevented from doing so. The doors of the chapel were locked, and in a short time the services were resumed, and concluded about half-past two o'clock in the morning. Although the malcontents could not again obtain admission to the chapel, large groups remained in front of it outside, and for several hours the immediate neighbourhood of the edifice was a scene of the greatest excitement and disorder. We learn that there are large bodies of Orangemen residing in the neighbourhood, and it is believed that the disgraceful outrage in question was instituted by some of the members of that body.—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

The death is announced of the Hon. and Very Rev. Henry Pakenham, D.D., Dean of Christ Church and of St. Patrick's. For some time past he had been suffering from a complication of painful diseases, and ears were entertained of his ultimate recovery.

## EXECUTION OF ALICE HOLT AT CHESTER.

On Monday the extreme sentence of the law was carried into effect on Alice Holt, at Chester Gaol, for the murder of her mother by poison. The evidence at the trial, before Mr. Justice Willes, on Dec. 8 and 9, showed that prisoner, her mother, and a man named Holt, with whom she cohabited, lived together at Stockport. In February last the deceased, Mary Bailey, was taken ill, and the prisoner insured her life for £26, at a premium of 6d. per week. She induced a woman named Betty Wood to personate her mother before the doctor, telling her that the agent said "Any one would do." The proposal was accepted by the Wesleyan Assurance Society, and from that time the mother became worse. Prisoner called in the parish surgeon and the infirmity visiting officer, both of whom were ignorant of the other's visits, and complained of their medicine not being given. On the 25th and 26th the prisoner bought some arsenic—a quarter of a pound each time—which she put in a jug with some boiling water, and sprinkled about the room where her mother lay to kill vermin. The night of the 26th the deceased had some brandy-and-water, and complained of "ground" being at the bottom. Prisoner said, "You ought to have drunk grounds and all." Mary Bailey died in the morning with all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning, and was buried. The personation came to the ears of the office, and the body was disinterred on June 12, when the body was found perfectly fresh, but "saturated with arsenic," of which no less than 160 grains were found in the stomach and adjacent parts.

The unfortunate woman was not tried at the Summer Assizes, in consequence of her being *en-cinte*. The child has since been adopted by Holt's uncle, the only person who has visited her during her imprisonment. She has been sullen, and strongly protested her innocence.

On Sunday, the 27th, the prisoner made the following statement:—On the Monday before mother died, I brought the insurance paper home, insuring my mother's life for £26, and mine for £28. He then proposed I should get some charcoal and put it under mother's bed alight, when she was asleep, and she would never wake more. On Wednesday night Holt and I never went to bed. He said it would be a great release if she was in her grave, and he would buy some strychnine (strychnine) if I would give it her. I said, 'Thou'lt be found out.' He said, 'They cannot find it out by that.' I said, 'Thou hast brought me to destruction, and now thou wants to bring me to the gallows.' He then beat me. In the beer of which I spoke, I saw, after my mother had drunk it, a quantity of blue arsenic grounds. I said, 'Thou hast given my mother arsenic.' He said, 'If thou tell aught, I will have thee up for defrauding the insurance,' and said, 'Nobody will believe but what thou hast done it thyself.' This was the only arsenic my mother ever had." Another statement was afterwards made by the prisoner to this effect:—"George Holt offered mother some beer, in which the arsenic was put. Mother was sick and could not take it, and set it on the mantelpiece and went out. I said, 'Mother, can't not sup this gill of beer?' She then took it from my hand and supped it. When I looked at the jug I saw the blue arsenic at the bottom. There was 1½ oz. left in the jug—as much as would fill a smelling-bottle. I put the jug on the top shelf of the cupboard, and thought of taking it myself. When Ann Bailey cleaned the cupboard out it was washed out. She says 'This is arsenic. That is the jug thy mother had her beer in.' I said, 'Yes. I did not know how it had gotten in.' Betty Wood then came in, and our discourse was dropped off." Both these statements were signed.

In the middle of the night of Sunday she was removed from the county to the city gaol, accompanied by the chaplain, Rev. J. M. Kilner; the city sheriff, R. Littler; and the governor of the gaol. On her arrival she partook of toast and coffee, and listened attentively to the exhortations of Mr. Kilner, joining audibly when in chapel in the prayer for murderers introduced in the Burial Service.

The execution took place at ten minutes past eight. When near the drop her courage failed her, and she was half dragged, half carried to the scaffold. On the platform she fell on her knees, and moaned piteously, "The Lord have mercy upon me," which she continued to do whilst Calcraft pulled the bolt. The drop only fell partially, and when it was at last pulled down she swung about partially strangled for two or three minutes, the fall not being enough to break the neck. About 1,000 people witnessed the scene.

## CONFESSION OF THE WHITTLESEA MURDERER.

The following letter from the governor of the County Gaol, at Cambridge, has been received by Mr. George Moore Smith, the solicitor for the prosecution:—"Cambridgeshire County Prison, Chesterton, Dec. 23. Dear Sir,—It will be satisfaction for you to know that John Green has confessed to the murder of Elizabeth Brown. Mr. Wilde's will, perhaps, have given you the particulars. In case he has not I may state that Green confirms, with one exception, all that was stated at his trial; the exception is that on the morning of the 12th of March when he was seen running home he was without a cap, the cap produced at the trial being the same he had on at the dancing-room of the George and Star. It appears, according to his statement, that he had connexion with the deceased Brown before he went into the malting; but I ought to say first that Green had stolen a bucketful of gin from the storeroom of the George and Star, and that Smedley was cognizant of it and reopened the malting door and returned with Green to partake of the gin. When they left the malting the second time the door was left open, but the big gates were locked. Well, Green and Brown went into the malting about the time they were seen by McDonald. They (Green and Brown) had some gin, and sat about an hour, and he wanted to have connexion a second time with Brown. She resisted; he pulled her off the settle; she kicked and knocked about, and got hold of his hair. He hit her on the body with his fists, and she fell on the floor. He then kicked her on the body more than once. She did not scream out. He felt very bad, and did not know what to do, as he felt he had killed her. He stooped down and got hold of her and shook her, and found she was really dead. He then drank heartily of some gin. There were some sacks lying about, which he put round her and set fire to by putting a shovelful of hot cinders on the sacks. He sat down on a block against the furnace and watched the burning about an hour. He then drank some more gin and stirred up the burning sacks. He then sat down, and unexpectedly went off to sleep. When he awoke he was half stifled with smoke, and groped about until he found the door in the cake-place leading into the yard, and got out over the wall and went running home. The above is the substance of Green's statement, made in the presence of the under-sheriff, Mr. George Day, the prisoner's attorney, Mr. Wilders, and myself. A copy of the said statement has been sent to the Home Secretary of State, and a copy to Baron Martin—I am, sir, yours truly, B. GIBSON, Governor.—G. M. Smith, Esq., &c."

The question is constantly asked, which is the best sewing machine? The answer we give is that which will do best the greatest variety of work. Most will do nothing but plain sewing; but there are some which equally apply to plain and ornamental work. Those of Newton, Wilson, & Co., of 144, High Holborn, are the best of this description.—[Advertisement.]

**HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.**—The best way of living on this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Puddings, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BOWKICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—[Advertisement.]

The largest cake ever made is now on view at the shop of Mr. J. Arnatt, confectioner, St. Giles's, in this city. It weighs 3,000 lbs., stands seven feet high, and is eighteen feet in circumference. It may interest our readers if we state that there have been used in the manufacture of this monster cake, 553 lbs. of flour, 3,000 eggs, five barrels of currants, two cwt. of orange and lemon peel, 800 lbs. of butter, 400 lbs. of sugar, besides other ingredients. The cake will be cut by the mayor at the annual *conversations* of the Churchman's Union, which is to be held in the Corn Exchange on the 4th of January. It contains 200 tickets, the possession of which will entitle the holders to various presents, comprising two elegant plated cake baskets, gold rings, gold baskets, silver fruit knives, silver thimbles, wedding rings, &c.—*Oxford Chronicle*.

The Earl of Kintore is appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county of Aberdeen. Lord Kintore, who is at present Lord Lieutenant of Kincardineshire, is to resign that position, in which he is to be succeeded by Sir James H. Burnett, Bart., of Leys.

The finding of the general court-martial recently held at the Royal Marine Barracks, Forton, on Captain W. Cosser, paymaster of the Portsmouth Division, on charges of fraudulently appropriating about £700 of the public money entrusted to his charge, having been confirmed at the Admiralty, was promulgated at the headquarters of the division. Capt. Cosser is cashiered, and his sureties are ordered to refund the sum mentioned.

The late Signor Begrea, formerly a singer of some celebrity, has just bequeathed £1,000 to that excellent institution the Royal Society of Musicians, coupled with the desire that the bequest should form the nucleus of a fund for the foundation of a college for decayed musicians similar to the Royal Dramatic College.

On Christmas-day, in the neighbourhood of Exeter, primroses, ripe wild strawberries, and a number of spring and summer wild flowers, were gathered in the hedge-rows. The season is astonishingly mild in Devonshire.

The past seven years have been attended with numerous changes on the episcopal bench. Dr. Longley has succeeded Dr. J. B. Sumner in the archbishopric of Canterbury, and Dr. Thomson has succeeded Dr. Muggrave in the archbishopric of York. The see of London is now occupied by Dr. Tait, in the room of Dr. Blomfield; that of Durham by Dr. Baring, in the room of Dr. Maltby; that of Rochester by Dr. Wigram, in the room of Dr. Murray; that of Bangor by Dr. Campbell, in the room of Dr. Bethell; that of Ely by Dr. Bickersteth, in the room of Dr. Longley; that of Worcester by Dr. Phillpotts, in the room of Dr. Peppys; that of Norwich by Dr. Pelham, in the room of Dr. Hinds; that of Carlisle by Dr. Waldegrave, in the room of Dr. Villiers; and that of Gloucester and Bristol by Dr. Elliott, in the room of Dr. Baring. We have thus eleven changes in the seven years among twenty-eight English and Welsh bishoprics, so that the average career of a bishop does not exceed fifteen or sixteen years. This is a very fair allowance, however, considering that divines do not become bishops until they are well advanced in years.

The following anecdote, which does much honour to the parties named in it, is recounted in the *Constitutional*:—"At the conclusion of the war in the Peninsula, under Napoleon I, an English colonel was captured by a French patrol, commanded by a sergeant. The soldiers, who pretended to have been ill-treated in England, when prisoners of war, proposed to shoot the colonel. The sergeant refused, and covering the prisoner with his body, he exclaimed, on seeing the soldiers prepare their arms, 'You must shoot us both.' The soldiers relented, and on the colonel being sent to head-quarters he asked the name of the sergeant, and inscribed it in his pocket-book. Many years passed over, and the English colonel, who had risen to a high rank in his profession, being on his death-bed, called his eldest son, and told him that he greatly regretted never having had an opportunity to reward his preserver, and made his son promise to do so. The son came to Paris, and made inquiries at the War-office for Sergeant Francois Lefebvre, but no trace could be found of him. The Englishman, not discouraged, continued his inquiries, and finally discovered Francois Lefebvre in the Customs' department on the Belgian frontier. The gallant old sergeant received a gratuity sufficient to place himself and his family in comfortable circumstances for the remainder of their lives."

Among the novelties of the age is a seedless apple. A tree has been found in Dutchess county bearing this fruit. There are no blossoms; the bud forms, and, without any show of petals, the fruit sets and grows entirely destitute of seeds. In outward appearance the apples resemble Rhode Island Greenings.—*New York Paper*.

SIR GEORGE GREY has ordered a medical inquiry into the state of mind of Townley, the murderer of Miss Goodwin.

## GARIBALDI AND VICTOR HUGO.

The following letters have just been interchanged between Garibaldi and Victor Hugo:—

TO VICTOR HUGO.

Caprera, Nov. 25, 1863.

Dear Victor Hugo,—I was certain of your assistance, and you must be certain of my gratitude. What you say is true; and I wish I had the million of hearts which would make the million of muskets unnecessary. I would have the universal concord which would render war needless. I, like you, wait with confidence the awakening of the peoples, but to realize truth without suffering, and to follow the triumphant road of justice without watering it with tears, this is the ideal that has thus far in vain been sought. It is for you, who are the light-bearer, to point out a less painful way, and for us to follow you.—Your friend for life,

GARIBALDI.

TO GENERAL GARIBALDI, CAPRERA.

Hautville House, Dec. 20, 1863.

Dear Garibaldi,—We both of us have faith, and our faith is the same. The awakening of the nations is inevitable. For myself I have a deep conviction that when the time is come, but little blood will be shed. The Europe of the peoples *fura da se*. Even the revolutions the most fortunate and the most necessary have their responsibilities, and you, like myself, are of those who dread for them the enormous weight of a drop of blood unnecessarily shed. Let us have no blood at all—that is the ideal—and why not the ideal? When the ideal is reached by men, and you yourself suffice to prove it, why may it not be attained by things? The level of hatreds sinks in proportion as the level of hearts is elevated. Let us then all endeavour to elevate them. Deliverance by mind—revolution by civilisation—this is our object—yours as well as mine. And when we must fight the last battle we may be assured that it will be beautiful, generous, and great—it will be as beneficent as any battle can be. The problem is in some sort solved by your presence. You are the hero of peace traversing the path of war. You are the righteous sword.—Dear friend, I press your illustrious hand.

VICTOR HUGO.

**PUNISHED FOR LIVING TOO LONG.**—A pauper in the Uckfield Union, named William Novies, aged eighty-two, was charged before the magistrates with refusing to work. The poor old man, who had lived twelve years beyond the three-score years and ten allotted to man, said he was unable to work, but their worship thought differently, and sentenced him to twenty-one days' hard labour.—*Brighton Examiner*.



## SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING FIELD.—No. III.

Did I ever see old Prupper out wi' th' hounds? Ah, that I did, surely! Darn me, 'twere as good as a play—ah, and a great deal better, 'cos no play as I ever see showed a man a' horseback in such a right straightdown fright as were o'd Prupper that day! It's about three year ago, now, when the "old Hall" were like a nobleman's or squire's hall, not like a darned cotton-spinner's place, as it is now; it were when the Merrifields was livin' there, and keepin' "up mansion at a beautiful old rate," as song says, and there was always the first o' company, and such eatin', drinkin' and singin' as none of you ever could bring to mind. Old Prupper, he were some trade in London onst, a hatter, I think, leastways his velvet cape was allays uncommon neat and natty, and the tile he went to church in had such a gloss, that it shone like a piece of lookin' glass. Old Prupper, he'd come into our neighbourhood lately, and taken Croft Cottage, and rebuilt the stablin', and brought down two nags, and gave out that he was fond of old English sport, and intended goin', a buster, and no mistake. Squire Merrifield, who were just one o' the right sort, he calls on old Prupper, and makes himself agreeable, and asks the old boy over to dinner; and he comes and is so jolly, and turns so stiff into the Squire's port, and gets on so well with Miss Ellen, and finds Captain Silvertop (which he was sweet on Miss Ellen at the time, being her cousin), finds the Captain and all so pleasant, that nothin' could go wrong with him. So, when the ladies has gone, and huntin' talked about after dinner, when the Squire says, "Are you any good across country, Prupper?" says he, "Good," says he, "I believe you," says he. "If there's a thing I'm fond of, it's the music of the pack," says he. "All right, old boy," says the Squire, who was gettin' a little ahead in the wine way, "the hounds meet to-morrow, and I'll give you a

steady as a rock; but I'd little time to look at them—all my looks was taken up with old Prupper. So long as it was straight runnin' he sat uncommon well, knees a little shaky, and toes a little pointin' outwards, but nothin' particular. "Cardinal," he were in full force! I see him a pullin' at the curb, which old Prupper hung on to like mad, and all he wanted was to settle into his gallop, which old Prupper wouldn't have. He were all safe as long so he was ridin' down the lanes, but on the first bit o' open, the Cardinal, feelin' the turf under his hoof, began to lay out, and old Prupper's knees got queerer than ever. A cold sweat seemed breakin' out over his face as he see what was a-head; there was certainly a stiffish rasper and a five-bar in the middle, for which the Cardinal seemed makin' straight. One jam he gives to his natty velvet cap, comes the military style of dropping his heels, and tries to hold the Cardinal in. "Woa!" says he, shoutin' like a carter. "Woa, horse! woa! Botheration! don't you see it's a gate?" Them was the last words I heard him speak that day. In droppin' his heels he'd given Cardinal a touch of the steel—a thing he never could bear—he was at the gate like a good 'un, and cleared it in style, but poor Prupper he flew, ah! like them rockets the boys let's off a Guy Fawkes's days. He went clean over Cardinal's head, and for three days after never showed. He were then chaffed by every one as met him, but he bore it first-rate; and even now, I hear, when he's in company, they can always turn the laugh upon him, when they think he's goin' ahead, by just hollerin', "Woa, horse! woa!"

## A COLONIAL HERO.

The West Australian Times of October the 15th contains the following:—"An incident in the life of a poor man was related last

morning they stole out of the hut. Edward Ladbury was laden with their bedding and effects, and Storey clung to his arms. After crawling about 150 yards the wounded man said he could go no farther, and urged Ladbury to leave him to his fate, and save himself. It appeared to be almost impossible to rescue Storey, but Ladbury determined not to leave him to certain death. He hurried forward with his load, and deposited it a quarter of a mile off, then returned for his comrade, hoisted him on to his back, and carried him to the same spot, where he exchanged him for their personal effects (the sole property of these poor fellows), which he again carried a quarter of a mile farther. Then he returned for his friend; and thus they journeyed, one nearly dead of his wounds, and the other exhausted with exertions, for a distance of seven miles, when they reached a spring of water. Here they remained awhile, scarcely able to crawl any farther. Ladbury could no longer carry Storey, but he managed to drag him along. After a miserable journey of two days and a night they reached Mr. Hassell's station at Jerrymungup, both of them nearly dead. The wounded man, after necessary rest, was sent forward in a cart to the hospital at Albany, where his sufferings were terminated by death.

"Few men have better deserved the Victoria Cross than this humble shepherd, Edward Ladbury. What struck us most forcibly about the matter was, that his conduct elicited not a single comment or remark from either court, counsel, or jury. From which we are inclined to infer that such acts are far from singular or uncommon in this country. For our own part, we feel it to be only one degree lower than a crime to allow such an instance of generous self-devotion to pass without the tribute of applause; and although in this, as in most other cases, virtue is likely to be its own reward, Edward Ladbury may return to his hard life with the



HUNTING SKETCHES.—NO. III. BY PHIZ.

mount." "I've got a mount myself, at home," says Prupper. "Not one of them old screws I see in your stable to-day?" says the Squire. "No, no, you sleep here, Prupper, my boy, and we'll give you a mount o' the right sort." So old Prupper stopped, worse luck for him, and slept in the bachelor's room, and in the mornin' got up, lookin' fishy and frightened, but he forced his pluck, and sent 'ver for his leathers and tops, and the natty velvet cap, and the Squire, who was as fresh as paint—I don't believe thirty bottles would take the shine out of him—says to me, "Tom," says he, "I'll ride Nelson as usual, and take old Brookside over for Mr. Prupper; he can be depended on," says he, "and knows every inch of ground for miles; he'll carry him steady." So I goes round to the stable, and has the saddle put on Brookside, when in comes Captain Silvertop. "What's that for?" says he. "Miss Ellen's going to ride Brookside; why don't you put a side-saddle on?" "Beg pardon, Captain," says I; "Guv'nor said saddle Brookside for Mr. Prupper." "Prupper," says the Captain, a grinna' from ear to ear. "No! no! he's a young dave-devil; he is a perfect Nimrod! Put the side-saddle on Brookside, and take over Cardinal for Mr. Prupper." When I see him grin I knowed what was meant; but I knowed my place, too, and so said nothink. Well, to make a long story short, we tried Shipton Wood, blank; Dawson's Plantation, blank; and it was not until we got to Sunley-hill that old Tarnish, the staunchest hound of the pack, told us Reynard was at home. With one crash, head up, sterns down, the whole pack broke cover, and away we went through Thornton Gorse, down Dobinson Whins, Forestall Wood, down at a rattling pace to the Ewehurst-road, from there to the Brick-kiln, crossing the stream to Coleman's Folly, and way to Broad Oak. The Captain and Miss Ellen kept neck and neck the whole way, she lookin' just-rae in her habit, and ridin' as

week in the course of our Criminal Sessions that, in a former age, would have excited general admiration. Two shepherds were in charge of one of the flocks of Mr. John Hassell, at a remote station. There was no other station within twenty miles of them. One afternoon, some time ago, one of these men, while occupied in his hut, which was only composed of stakes and rushes, fancied he heard a groan at a little distance. Going outside, he again heard the sound of low moaning, and soon discovered his companion, Charles Storey, lying insensible in a brake, and covered with innumerable spear-wounds. Carrying him on his back to the hut, he laid him on his kangaroo-skin rug, washed and probed his wounds, succeeded in extracting the barb of a spear, which was buried in his side, and ultimately restored him to consciousness. It turned out that Storey had been attacked by a band of natives, who wished to seize the sheep. This was admitted by the native witnesses at the trial of one of the party for the murder of Storey, who eventually died of his wounds.

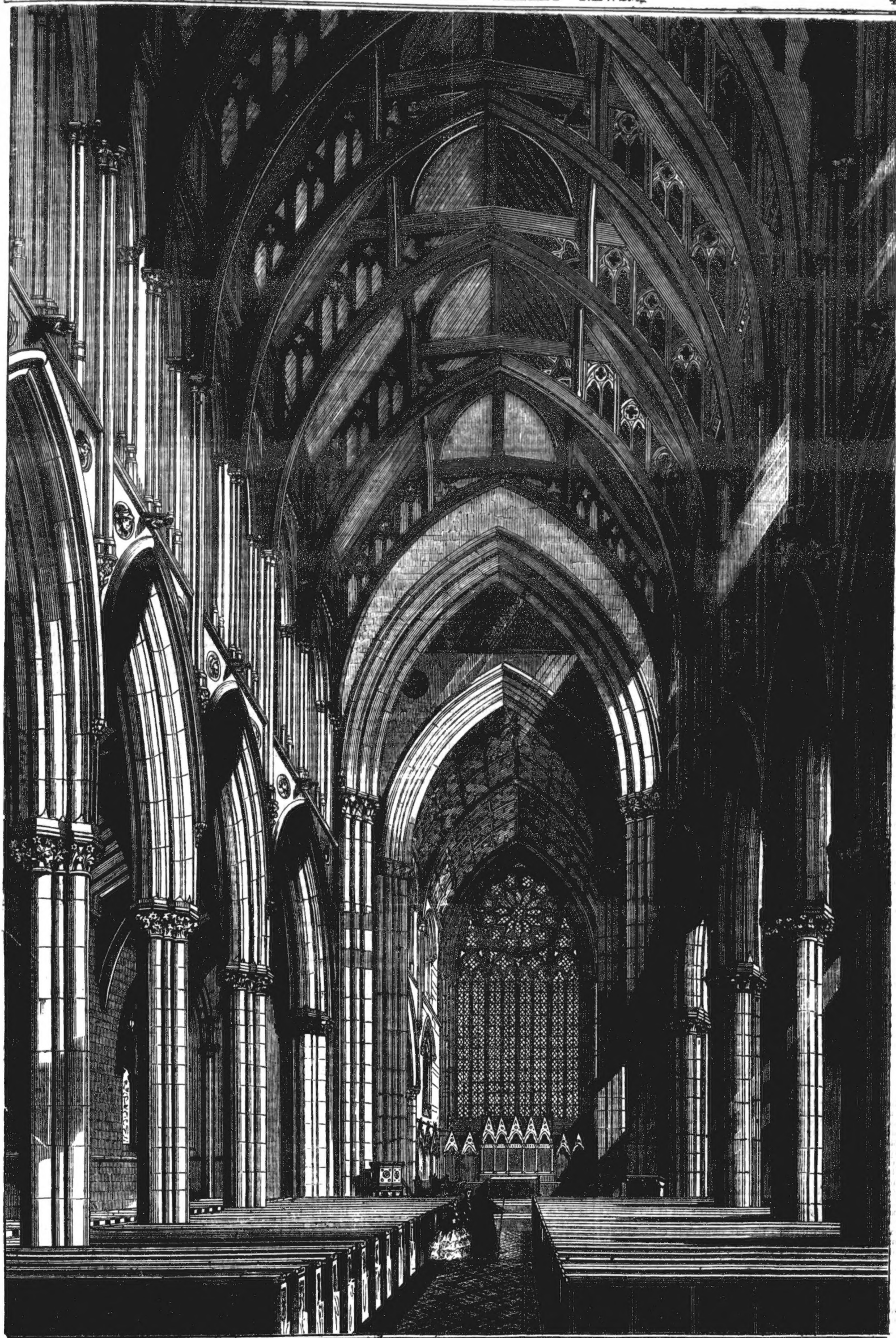
"The two unfortunate men remained awake all night; one in extreme pain, the other carefully attending upon him. Next morning the natives surrounded the hut, and began throwing spears, which completely passed through both sides of it. Finding that they would be murdered, Edward Ladbury, the witness, who told the tale in simple, unvarnished terms, took his only weapons, his pocket-knife and bill-hook, and boldly sallied forth. He had covered the bill-hook with his coat, so as only to display the handle, which the natives took to be a pistol. He threatened to fire upon them unless they withdrew, and after some deliberation they sullenly retired. All that day the men remained in fear of their return. During the next night Storey said he felt better, and they resolved to endeavour to make their escape to Mr. Hassell's next station, twenty miles distant. At two o'clock in the

consciousness that he has nobly earned the sympathy and approbation of his fellow colonists."

DEATH ON THE MOORS.—The Glasgow Herald announces the death of Mr. Alexander Mitchell, clerk to the Commissioners of Supply for the county of Argyll, under very melancholy circumstances. He was one of a party who went out on Friday last while hare shooting, with the Duke of Argyll's gamekeepers. The party separated after a few hours' sport, rain coming on; each left the ground as best he could. In the evening it was discovered that Mr. Mitchell had not reached home. As there was mist on the hills his absence caused much anxiety, and immediately the Duke's gamekeepers, accompanied by shepherds and tenants in the neighbourhood, made a search over the shooting ground. The search was unfortunately unavailing, and though renewed on Saturday was attended by no better result. On Sunday nearly all the people of Inverary, as well as the tenantry and their shepherds, set out at daybreak, and about one o'clock Mr. Mitchell's body was found on the moor, between Lochlyne and Lochawa. From the position in which the body was found death is supposed to have resulted from a sudden stoppage of the circulation of the blood.

THE PRINTING STAFF OF THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS.—At the Government printing-office there are about 500 names on the pay-roll, including men, women, and children. There are 113 compositors in the congressional department. In the executive department there are thirty compositors. In the bindery room there are fifty men and sixty women. The others are employed in the drying, wetting, marbling, and job rooms. A considerable number of young women are employed in the press-rooms to feed the white sheets to the presses.—American Paper.





INTERIOR OF DONCASTER CHURCH. (See page 454.)



## The Court.

The Queen, Prince Alfred, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Hohenlohe attended Divine service on Sunday morning, at Osborne, where the Rev. G. Prothero performed the service.

The Prince and Princess of Wales attended service at Whippingham Church.

The Right Hon. G. P. Villiers arrived at Osborne on Saturday, and had an audience of her Majesty. Dr. Watson and Dr. Jenner also arrived from London.

The Queen will, it is believed, return to Windsor Castle on the 11th of February next. Her Majesty will then reside at Windsor for several months.

### THE CRAWLEY COURT-MARTIAL.

THE great Aldershot court-martial has terminated in the full and honourable acquittal of Colonel Crawley upon both the issues which formed the groundwork of his trial. The court has said that Colonel Crawley did not cause the orders for the close arrest to be carried out with undue and unnecessary severity, thereby inflicting great and grievous hardships on Lilley and his wife, and it says that he did not make a false statement in attributing the inconvenience that might have been suffered to Adjutant Fitzsimon. We are not disposed to quarrel with this decision. The great and grievous hardships alleged against him had become much diminished from the proportions they assumed when the first communications from India reached England. Because Colonel Crawley's offence was not so enormous, it is held not to exist at all by the public. Colonel Crawley, in his vigorous and very bold defence, made some remarks upon the share of the press in the transaction. He designated certain writers as self-constituted social hangmen, going about, rope in hand, with a morbid desire to practice their dreadful calling upon persons in authority. But, unless as a reflection of public opinion, the dictum of this or that writer has no influence upon the conduct of affairs. The instrument of the social hangman is of no more value than packthread, unless he can weave round it the strengthening support of the public, and gain this by truthful statements and fair and unprejudiced reasoning. In this particular instance the press has undoubtedly had to do with the holding of an investigation, but that Colonel Crawley in the main has good reason for complaint against it may well be doubted. We were one of those who always demanded inquiry, and so far from being ashamed of doing so, we think we performed a very wholesome, and, we are sorry to be obliged to say, a very necessary duty.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

### ST. GEORGE'S NEW CHURCH, DONCASTER.

We follow up our previous illustration and description of St. George's New Church, Doncaster, by presenting a view of the interior. Our view is taken from nearly the west end, and shows the greater portion of the pillars and arches which separate the nave and aisles; beyond these are seen the large arches underneath the central tower, and still further is the magnificent chancel, with its noble east window. The total length inside is 168 feet 10 inches, and the width of nave and aisles together 65 feet 1 inch. The square of the tower measures in the clear 20 feet, and the chancel is 44 feet long. Besides these there are two transepts, chapels on each side of the chancel, and a south porch. The great east window is on a most important scale, being no less than 48 feet high, and 22 feet 8 inches in width. It is of slight lights, and of very elegant design. The whole internal area of the building contains 12,400 square feet (being nearly 1,000 more than that of the old church), and it will, with reasonable convenience, hold about 1,800 persons, exclusive of the Forman chapel and the chancel. The nave pillars are richly moulded, and have capitals elaborately carved, great variety being purposely secured in the different clusters. For instance, one capital is enriched with ivy leaves, another with marsh mallows, a third with the thorn, a fourth with the fig, while others display the shamrock, columbine, strawberry, buttercup, maple, and vine. In the spandrels of the arches above, and below the range of the clerestory windows, are medallions representing Moses, Samuel, David, Solomon, the four greater Prophets, and the twelve minor Prophets, the whole carved in a most masterly manner.

The nave roof is richly traceryed, and is spanned by boldly arched ribs and cross braces. The chancel roof is paneled, with the edges of the principals showing through like vaulting ribs of a pointed arch-barrel vault. The height of the ceiling under the tower of the New Church is 93 feet; above this are the ringing floor and the peal of bells. The prayer desk claims attention for the novelty as well as beauty of its design, and also from the richness of its material. The shell for the books is a splendid slab of serpentine marble, and this material is used in the supporting shafts, the capitals to which are of stone, richly carved with foliage. The font is of Cornish serpentine, and is placed in the Forman chapel. It is a gift from Professor Selwyn, of Cambridge, and consists of a bowl of serpentine marble, of rather severe outline, resting on seven marble pillars. The pews and fittings generally of the chancel are of the most finished kind; the general idea of their arrangement may be gathered from our illustration on page 453.

**SMUGGLING BY MEANS OF CRINOLINE.**—Two German women who were going out in the New York steamer from Southampton were detected in endeavouring to smuggle 22lbs. of cigars into that town from the steamer which lay in the dock, and which had just come from Bremen. The cigars were in the ordinary boxes, each containing 1lb. weight. Each of the women had eleven boxes strung round her person inside her dress, and fastened to her crinoline. Although the women walked very carefully, the boxes rattled one against the other, and a Custom-house officer, hearing a strange noise as the women passed him, suspected that it had a contraband origin. The women had got outside the dock-gate before they were detected.

**MR. STAMMERS AT SADLER'S WELLS.**—Mr. Joseph Stammers, so long associated with high-class musical enterprises—the founder and proprietor of the celebrated London Wednesday Concerts—to whom the attempt is due to found a "Royal Opera" at Drury Lane, without reference to nationality—took his first benefit for seven years as above, on Friday week. The house was well and fashionably attended. The play was "The Lady of Lyons." Mr. Stammers played Claude Melnotte, and astonished his friends by his thorough appreciation of the beauties of the character and his great dramatic power. We presume, from the attempt, it is his intention to adopt the stage as a profession; and, in the present dearth of "great" dramatic talent, he has a fine career before him, possessing, as he does, every attribute for a great actor—good form, commanding figure, expressive features, a powerful and most musical voice, combined with a poetic and sensible appreciation of the author's meaning; never condescending to rant, yet capable of most forcible expression when required. He was vociferously applauded, and was called three times before the curtain to receive the applause of his audience. Between the pieces Mr. David Miranda sang, with great effect, "When Other Lips," and "The Death of Nelson." In the former he received his usual encore, and in the latter (which he sings better than any vocalist since Braham) he had the special honour of a double encore, which he most gracefully responded to. The performance concluded with the drama of "Belphegor," in which Miss Blanche Stammers, a daughter of Mr. Stammers, and a very beautiful and talented young lady, evidently well trained, made a most successful debut as Henri.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and PICTURES are sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three pence postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 2s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 514, Strand.

CALCULATING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 514, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 3d. for the STAMPEE EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a post wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

\*. Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

M. B. R.—You must employ a London solicitor to ascertain the point for you. If you do not know one, we can recommend you to apply to our own solicitor, Mr. William Edson, No. 10, Gray's Inn-square. The charges for what you want done would be very moderate.

CLARA W.—You could no doubt obtain a divorce. It would cost you about £50 in the hands of a respectable solicitor practicing in the Divorce Court. See answer to M. B. R.

BROOKDALE.—The owner of the land may proceed against you for trespass, but not the person who hires the right of shooting over it.

JUVENILE.—The word "book" is derived from the beech or "boe" tree, that being the wood on which the ancients chiefly wrote, prior to the introduction of paper.

R. D.—Beheading was first introduced in England by William the Conqueror. The first victim was Walthof, Earl of Huntingdon, in 1074.

TENANT.—The purchasers of the property are bound by the terms of your former tenancy entered into by the former owners.

W. D.—The Bank of England was established in 1694 by William Patterson, a Scotchman.

### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L.	
D.	D.	A. M.	P.
2	s	King of Prussia died, 1861	6 54 7 16
3	s	Second Sunday after Christmas	7 40 8 8
4	m	Madame Rachel died, 1858	8 42 9 17
5	t	Duke of York died, 1827	9 53 10 30
6	w	Epiphany—Twelfth Day	11 9 11 44
7	t	Calais taken by France, 1558	0 15 0 55
8	f	Allan Ramsay died, 1768	0 44 1 10

Moon changes, last quarter, 2d. 7h. 59m. M.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Isaiah 41; St. Matthew, 2.

AFTERNOON.

Isaiah, 43; Romans, 2.

## THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

ENGLAND, as the new year breaks upon her, is now enjoying what is called by writers a state of profound peace. So far as regards this part of the world, it is the peace which has lasted from the close of the Russian war. So far as regards the East, we have had tranquillity, a prosperous revenue, and social progress ever since the mutiny. In Europe we have paid a price for the blessing. We have endured the mortification of expressing our sympathies in vain. We have shown more wisdom than courage in declining to enter a European congress. The prominent feature of our dealings with the two American belligerents has been a cautious neutrality, which happens not to represent the feelings of any section among us. Then we are insuring ourselves against war by an enormous annual premium in the shape of an unexampled expenditure. So we are not only at peace, but peace-loving, and for that reason not peace-making. We are refusing interventions, recognitions, conferences,—everything, in fact, that smells of powder. Like the guests in an Irish hotel, we are all under orders to give our gunpowder into the care of the waiter. But after praying for "peace in our time," and thanking heaven for hearing that prayer, we take up a newspaper, and there what do we see? In one part we read a succession of murderous conflicts with an indefinite number of "tribes" on the route from Peshawar to Cabul, 5,000 men engaged, sixteen British officers killed and wounded, reliefs asked for, and a faint hope expressed that we have given as much as we have taken. That we are at war in China admits of controversy, but we are killing and being killed there is a great muddle, and we are in it. We are at peace and amity with the Tycoon of Japan; but not so with his subjects; for at the last date we had just had a sanguinary fight with one of them, ending, the commander says, in giving him a serious lesson; others say, in our receiving one. The present state of things is that a large European force lies anchored off one of the principal ports of Japan, suffering indignities. In New Zealand two or three regiments are learning the art of bushfighting, and flatter themselves they can do it as well as their instructors. In such a struggle our chief hope consists in outnumbering the savages, so reinforcements are wanted. Meanwhile the settlers are fighting or patrolling, and their families living how or where it is hard to say. The reinforcements sent to British America have not been withdrawn, and we may consider ourselves very fortunate if we have not to support them with many times their number. But we are not yet fighting there, nor yet in Europe. It is well we are not, for we are fighting at four other distant corners of the earth,—in the heart of Asia, at its further extremity, at a still further island empire, and at a group of islands further than all; indeed, the most distant part of the habitable world. At home we cannot flatter ourselves that we are quite out of harm's way. It is not an agreeable predicament, or one without serious aspects in which the Queen finds herself at this moment. Her Majesty's brother-in-law and her daughter's father-in-law have at this moment just occupied with their forces two provinces claimed by the father of the Princess of Wales. The Crown Prince of Prussia and the Princess Royal have returned very seasonably to her adopted home, but for some weeks the parties in a quarrel which may deluge Europe with blood, and produce results far beyond human speculation, have been represented in the domestic circle of British royalty. Though we are daily assured that all will be arranged, England knows too well that when the magazine is filled, the mine charged,

the train laid, and the match placed in the soldier's hand, nobody can be sure that a pantomime is all that is intended, or that the performance will wind up with a harmless illumination. There are all the materials for a Continental war, and no doubt the wish for it in more quarters than one. Nor does past experience lead us to expect that such a war can proceed long without drawing us in.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CRAWLEY has been "fully and honourably acquitted" of both charges which were preferred against him. He neither exercised undue severity in carrying into effect the close arrest of Sergeant-Major Lilley, nor was he responsible for the inconvenience to Mrs. Lilley caused by the position of the sentry close to her bed. We shall be glad if the public judgment confirms this conclusion. Should it do so, the testimony to Colonel Crawley will be the more honourable inasmuch as no influence favourable to him can be attributed the moral authority of the court which tried him. Anything more unfair than the composition of that court we cannot conceive. Imagine a policeman charged with excess of violence tried by a jury of policemen—imagine the chairman of a railway company tried by his co-directors—imagine a doctor tried by a jury of medical men—imagine a Cabinet minister tried by his colleagues, and then consider what justice may be expected from the fifteen generals and colonels who were appointed to try Colonel Crawley. It is a well-known maxim of law that no man shall be a judge in his own case, and therefore, the decision even of a Lord Chancellor has been annulled because he held shares in the company which happened to be party in a case before him. And only a few days ago, in the great insurance case at Guildhall, a juror was allowed to withdraw because he was connected by marriage with some of Mr. Lindsay's partners. It is, indeed, difficult to understand why the principles of natural justice should be ignored in the case of a colonel any more than in the case of a civilian. But so it has been decreed. A tribunal constituted upon principles essentially unjust is the only tribunal before which military offences can possibly be tried. It may be that the discipline of an army can only be maintained by so absurd a system; but it would be idle to feel surprise at what must be its inevitable results, or to treat with respect the decision in Colonel Crawley's case which has just been pronounced.

### FIRE AND LOSS OF SIX LIVES AT BIRMINGHAM.

SHORTLY before Christmas-day dawned upon the town of Birmingham, a fire broke out which resulted in the loss of six lives. The first house in Little Hill-street, abutting on the Horse Fair, is the Hill-street Tavern, kept by Mr. George Gameson. On the Thursday night, when the customers had left, the following were the occupants of the house:—George Gameson, the landlord; Mrs. Gameson, his wife; Mrs. Bradley, an old lady, who came that evening to spend her Christmas holidays; a general servant (name not ascertained); a nurse-girl, named Spratt, aged about twelve years; and Mr. Gameson's six children, varying in age from two years to seventeen. Between four and five o'clock on the Friday morning some persons in the street discovered that Mr. Gameson's house was on fire, and the flames were ascending from the upper windows of the house. The fire had evidently originated in the lower part of the house, in one of the back rooms. A few persons crowded to the spot, and the alarm was at once given to the fire and police-offices. The fire-scope was the first to arrive, and was immediately got into use. The engines arrived soon afterwards, and got into play, but the fire had made great headway before they commenced work, and the house is completely gutted, though the outside stands fair and unmarked, with the exception of some broken windows. The house has a ground floor and two storeys, the first floor front being occupied as a club-room. Pending the arrival of the fire-scope some men had scaled the walls and gained the leads over the bar windows. The landlord had by some means got out of the house, and was frantically calling on the people to aid in rescuing his wife and children. When the fire-scope came it was reared against the upper windows of the house, and some men who had penetrated into the upper stories commenced to get out the bodies. Old Mrs. Bradley was found under the bed in her room, with two of the children. They were all horribly burned and scarred, and had been dead for some time. Two other children were also dead, besides the nurse-girl. Out of six children only two were saved—John and George Gameson. They were very badly injured. Mr. and Mrs. Gameson and the elder servant escaped unhurt. The bodies were removed to the Acorn Tavern, opposite, kept by Mr. T. Briggs. They present a most horrible spectacle, wrapped in bed-clothes and other coverings hastily snatched up by the rescuers, and lying in the horribly grotesque distortions of violent death. It appears as if the old lady had not been in bed, for she was partially dressed. In each case the flesh of the victims is burnt up until their limbs only resemble sticks of charcoal rather than the remains of humanity. The eldest daughter of Mr. Gameson was a fine grown girl of seventeen, and she lay a charred mass of ruin, sickening to see, the only part of her body comparatively uninjured being her rich brown hair falling in wild dishevelment over the blackened remains of her body. The following is a list of the victims:—Mrs. Bradley, an old lady; Amy Spratt, aged twelve (nurse); Matilda Gameson, aged seventeen; Emily Gameson, aged six; Betsy Gameson, aged five; William Gameson, aged about two years.

**MUNIFICENCE OF AN ARTIST.**—The distinguished marine artist, E. W. Cooke, Esq., A.R.A., F.R.S., has forwarded to the National Lifeboat Institution £200, to pay the cost of a lifeboat, to be stationed on the coast. Mr. Cooke said in his letter, "Having felt for many years the greatest interest and sympathy in the cause of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and in admiration of the gallant deeds of the crews of its numerous boats established on our dangerous coasts, I am desirous to place a lifeboat in some point where one is required. I beg, therefore, to forward a cheque for £200 towards the establishment of a new lifeboat. I trust, ere long, that some good friend to this noble cause may be induced to assist in adding the boat-house, with its appropriate gear, to complete the object I have in view. We shall, doubtless, readily find a crew of hearts of oak, who will cheerfully man the 'Van Hook,' and who may be the means, under Divine providence, of saving many a valuable life."

**A CAPITAL NEW YEAR'S GIFT** for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), a Writing-case, fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencases and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKES and GORTON, 25, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—[Advertisement.]

**HOW TO GET RICH.**—Country agents wanted for some patented and novel articles in great demand, and of general utility, and in which a large and profitable business may be done. Samples and terms sent on receipt of six stamps. Apply to Arthur Granger, 308, High Holborn, London.—[Advertisement.]



A CREDITORS' RACE.

In the usual manner, by advertisement, the district-sheriff informed all persons that on Saturday last, under a writ of execution obtained by Mr. M'Ewan, a gentleman connected with a large Melbourne firm, he should proceed to sell, by auction, at the Empire Hotel, Beechworth, certain premises belonging to J. W. Bradley. By the advice of Mr. Zincke, the attorney, the other creditors immediately got Bradley to file his schedule, and the necessary legal document for stopping the sale was issued by the judge of Melbourne. It is at this point that the generalship of the persons concerned commenced. The important document, made up into a parcel, addressed to Mr. Williams, Badaginnie, duly arrived at that place, and reached the hands of Mr. Williams, who forthwith started with it, relays of horses having been provided for him that he might be in time to prevent the sale, which was to take place at noon. The M'Ewan party hit upon the plan of trying to hoax Mr. Williams, by sending a letter for special express to meet him, and tell him that intelligence had been received that other documents of consequence had been forwarded after the coach, and asking him to go back and obtain them. The messenger met Mr. Williams at Wangaratta, and delivered him the communication as purporting to come from Mr. Zincke. Mr. Williams read it, but in the excitement of the moment omitted to notice whether it was signed. He was soon mounted, and went back as far as Glen Rowan, a distance of over ten miles, and, on stopping there, thought he would have another look at the epistle, and then directly the race flashed across his mind as he audibly exclaimed "Sold." However, he determined not to be beat, was up and away, and pushed through at a pace such as even he, first-rate horseman as he is, says he never rode at before, and hardly knows how he did it on this occasion. He went over no less than thirty-six miles of bad road in two hours, and succeeded in reaching Beechworth at ten minutes past twelve, in spite of the dodge that had been worked with him. In the meantime, the deputy sheriff proceeded punctually at twelve o'clock to commence the sale. Mr. M'Ewan was there to bid, and Mr. Zincke's party mustered in good force, and set to work to delay the sale by bidding the sum of one farthing in advance every time the first, second, and third time was called by the sheriff. It was in vain that Mr. M'Ewan tried to induce that officer to sell, even if guaranteed against all risk; he was proof alike against blandishments and threats, and, to the intense chagrin of Mr. M'Ewan, at twenty-four minutes past twelve in walked Mr. Telford, and, as agent of the official assignee, put a stop to the sale. The excitement was greater than we have witnessed for a long time past. One little scrimmage occurred between a leading man of the disappointed side and a choice flower translated from the rolling prairies of the Far West. The affair was speedily stopped by those present, and the crowd dispersed.—Oce's Australian Advertiser.

MUTINY ON BOARD THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

On Monday week, the Golden Eagle, a sailing vessel of about 500 or 600 tons, the property of Captain Martin, and chartered by Messrs. Dowle and Co., sailed from the Mersey for Sydney, with a general cargo, of which Messrs. Poole and Co. were the consignees. On Sunday she returned to the river, and in the evening the crew were taken into custody on a charge of mutiny on the high seas. About seven o'clock Captain Martin arrived at the police-office in Dale-street, and made the statement which led to the interference of the police. He stated that a day or two after he left Liverpool, when the ship was off the coast of Wales, some distance from Holyhead, the crew mustered and came aft, requesting to see him. He asked whether they had any complaint to make, and said if they had he would take it down upon his official slate for transfer to the log. They did not, however, make any complaint, but returned for a short time forward. Afterwards they again came aft, seized the captain, tied him with a rope, placed him in his stateroom, and stationed a sentry at the door. At the same time they secured the two mates. They then reversed the course of the ship and came back to Liverpool, keeping the captain a prisoner until their arrival in the Mersey. Soon after the vessel entered the river a boat came off, and the steward, acting under the captain's orders, got the boatmen on board. The captain lay upon the table in the cabin and feigned sleep, while the steward got the log-book and other documents, tied them about him, and got into the boat, leaving a rope hanging over the ship's side as he did so. The captain then jumped up, rushed past the sentry, got upon deck, slipped over the side into the boat, and escaped to shore. Upon the receipt of this information at the police-station, Inspector Horne, Inspector Cairns, Detective Beattie, and twelve constables went off to the Golden Eagle, and there took into custody ten of the crew. On Monday the ten men were brought up at the police-court, when the captain's statement was received, and the case adjourned.

A FRENCH SOLDIER SENTENCED TO DEATH.—The military tribunal of Paris tried a private in the Empress's Regiment of Dragoons, named Presse, in garrison at St. Germain, on a charge of having attempted to murder his superior officer. In the evening of the 18th ult. the prisoner, slightly intoxicated, and with his uniform in disorder, left the barracks and went into the street, contrary to the regulations, of which he had been duly apprized by the quartermaster on duty. Brigadier Terrier was sent to bring him back and place him under arrest. On seeing the brigadier approach, the prisoner ran some distance down the street towards Le Pecq, but at last stopped, and told the brigadier that if he came any nearer it should be the worse for him. Terrier, taking no notice of this threat, ran up to and seized the prisoner, who at the same instant stabbed him in the breast with a poniard knife, and with such force that the blade passed through Terrier's buff belt and penetrated the flesh to the depth of half an inch. Several other dragoons then came up and secured the prisoner, who was taken to the lock-up, vowing vengeance as he went, and declaring that he had another knife and would find an opportunity to use it, if the wound he had already inflicted did not prove fatal. When before the court, the prisoner, in his defence, stated that he was so intoxicated at the time that he had not the slightest recollection of what he had done. The tribunal, after a short deliberation, declared the charge fully proved, and condemned the prisoner to death.

A LETTER recently addressed by Menotti Garibaldi to M. Giulio Rizzo, of Naples, published by the *Popolo d'Italia*, contains the following passage:—"My father's health is excellent; he walks about the island with his cane only, and hopes to be able to join you next spring, to take part in the last battles for our independence."

LOCOMOTIVES.—At the close of 1860 the number of locomotives on the railways of the United Kingdom was 5,081; at the close of 1861 it was 6,156; and at the close of 1862, 6,398. Thus, an additional locomotive was brought into use almost every day, if we except Sundays. Even allowing twenty years as the natural life of a locomotive, upwards of 300 new engines would be required to keep up the stock every year at its present level, and irrespective of any foreign demand it may be affirmed that at least 500 locomotives will be required annually on home account for an almost indefinite period. Allowing £2,500 as the cost of each engine, the 500 new locomotives annually called for represent an aggregate of no less than £1,250,000. Another curious consideration suggested by the figures which have been given is the magnitude of the class employed in driving the engines at work. Between 12,000 and 13,000 drivers and stokers must be now regularly employed, and these men represent a population of at least 60,000 persons dependent on the swift iron and brass giants which have played so prominent a part in the industrial history of the century.

ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.

At Kingston assizes, Frederick Cox, 39, John Curry, 17, and James Elsey, 16, were charged with a robbery, accompanied by violence, upon Edward Law.

Mr. O. Smith prosecuted; the prisoners were undefended. The offence committed by the prisoners was of a most daring and aggravated character. The prosecutor is a publisher residing in Essex-street, Strand, and it appeared that at half-past five o'clock in the evening of the 29th of August last he was walking along a place called Orobham Hurst, about a mile from Croydon, in the direction of Coombe, when, as he was passing a small copple by the side of the road, he heard a rustling in it, and at the same instant two men, whom he afterwards recognised as the prisoners Cox and Curry, rushed upon him, and Cox struck him a blow either with his fist or a stick at the back of the head, which felled him to the ground, and rendered him for a short time totally insensible. They then endeavoured to drag him out of the road into a field, no doubt for the purpose of rifling his pockets, but the prosecutor, being somewhat recovered, attempted to give an alarm, upon which Cox seized him so tightly round the throat with one hand that he was scarcely able to breathe, and with the other struck him several blows on the head. The prisoner Curry then snatched his watch from his neck, breaking the guard-chain, after which all of them ran away, in consequence, as the prosecutor supposed, of their seeing some one approaching. The prosecutor also stated that before the attack was made upon him he observed the prisoner Elsey following him, and apparently dodging his foot-steps, and there was no doubt that he was on the watch ready to give an alarm. The prisoners made their escape, and were not taken into custody until November, when it appeared that Curry sold the watch that had been stolen from the prosecutor to a boy named Orowch, and his father suspecting there was something wrong in the transaction, gave information to Inspector Smith, of the P division, and this led to the prisoners being taken into custody.

The prisoners, when called upon for their defence, merely asserted that they were not the parties by whom the robbery was committed, and they accounted for the possession of the watch by saying that they "picked it up." Two witnesses were called who gave the prisoner Curry a good character.

The jury found all the prisoners "Guilty." Baron Pigott sentenced Elsey and Curry to twelve months' hard labour; and Cox, who there was reason to believe was the ringleader in the affair, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and to receive twenty-five lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails.

A COOL IMPOSTOR.

ABOUT three weeks ago a dashing young fellow, with a smatch of the cockney tongue, sporting a dark moustache and a light overcoat, with a large amount of bombast and jewellery, made his appearance at West Hartlepool, and took up his abode at a refreshment house in Church-street. He represented himself as E. H. Howard, of Transcept Villa, Norwood, London; offices at 90, Cannon-street, and chemical works in Hackney-road. From his address and appearance credence was given to his statements, and he was entertained in the most sumptuous style. He said the object of his visit to this part of the country was to erect chemical works, the steam communication to the Continent being a desideratum which would prove highly lucrative, and a great inducement for such erection. The "works" had to be erected in January, and as he would require the assistance of several clerks, a young man named Nelson entered into an agreement—which is now in the hands of the police—to occupy the position of general clerk, commencing with a salary of £75 a year, to increase £25 a year for six years. He had gained several friends among the frequenters of the refreshment house, at the principal hotels, and on a few occasions, having accidentally come out without his purse, was willingly supplied with anything he might desire, but he never would take more than a sovereign. The niece of the party whom he had honoured as a lodger lost her heart under the influence of his amorous importunities, and as time advanced he became more loving, and was determined to make the fair one his wife. He obtained the consent of the aunt, and was so desirous of manifesting his wish for the welfare of the bride expectant, that before the consummation of marriage he proposed to make a marriage settlement of £200 a year on her, as a guard against the uncertainties of large monetary speculations. The household of the restaurant were all highly pleased at the "great catch" the young lady of the establishment had made, and the happy day was looked forward to as an event of no small amount in the annals of this prosperous town. The dashing manufacturer was sensible of his own position, and expressed his eagerness that the day on which they should be united should be kept in a truly aristocratic style. Great preparations had to be made, and all were alive and in happy expectation, when, to the utter dismay of the loving niece and the astonishment of all the household, the gay young man decamped. The aunt then began to consider the great expense she had incurred in regaling this vile deceiver, and summing up his expenses, she went to the police to seek redress. It has been ascertained that the fellow booked to Ferryhill, and he is supposed to have gone north. Information has been received that he has been playing the same game at Leeds and Middlesbrough; and in order to "stop his little game," Superintendent Dixon, of West Hartlepool, has communicated with the police of Newcastle, Sunderland, and other northern towns, who will more than probably "put the stopper on."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

A POLICEMAN FINED FOR HOAXING A NEWSPAPER.—At the Glasgow Small Debt Court on Wednesday, before Sheriff Murray, Dugald McCulloch, Thistle-street, sued Duncan McGilvray, constable in the Clyde police force, for the sum of £12, for loss and damage in his domestic comfort, character, and reputation, in consequence of the defender having, on the 25th of November, maliciously caused to be inserted in the *Daily Mail* a paragraph, stating that the pursuer's wife had given birth to triplets at Kilcubbin, in the parish of Ardenmore, this statement being without foundation. The defender sought to make out that the paragraph had no reference to the pursuer, but, after hearing the evidence, the Sheriff decreed in favour of the pursuer for £1 and expenses.—*Glasgow Morning Journal*.

NO HOME COMPLETE without a WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus free on application at No 135, Regent-street. Advertisement.

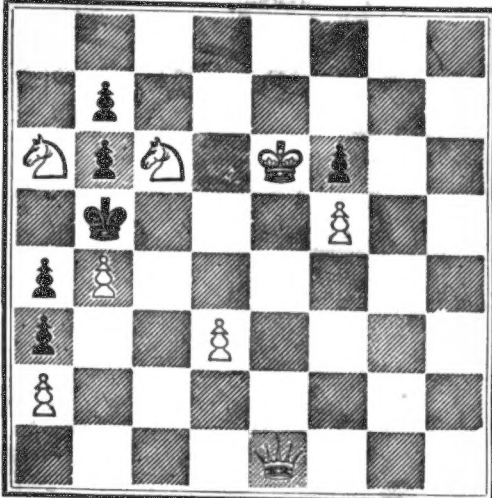
FOR EVERY HOME AN EXQUISITE FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Whight and Mauns, 143, Holborn Bars. Manufacturing, Ipswich.—Advertisement.

HOROLOGICAL SCIENCE.—Here are arranged a fine selection of watches manufactured by him on the latest and most approved principles of horological science.—*Daily News*, July 1, 1863. Chronometer, duplex, lever, horizontal, repeaters, centre seconds, keyless, split seconds, and every description of watch, adapted to all climates. Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet on Watches (free for two stamps) contains a short history of watchmaking, with prices from three to 200 guineas each. It acts as a guide in the purchase of a watch, and enables those who live in any part of the world to select a watch, and have it sent safe by post. Prize Medal and Honourable Mention, Classes 53 and 15. J. W. Benson, 33 and 34, Ludgate-hill, London. Established 1749. Watch and Clock Maker, by special Warrant of Appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Advertisement.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 151.—By R. B. W.  
(For Beginners.)

Black.



White.

White to move, and checkmate in two moves.

Game between Messrs. Rainger and Geake.

White.  
Mr. Rainger.

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. B to Q B 4
4. P to Q B 3
5. P to Q 4
6. P takes P
7. B to K 3
8. Q Kt to Q 2
9. B to Q 3
10. Q to Q B 2
11. P to K R 3
12. Kt takes B
13. Q to Q 2
14. Castles (K R)
15. Q to K 2
16. Q takes Kt
17. K to B square
18. Q R to Q square
19. Q to Q Kt 3
20. Q R to K square
21. B takes P
22. Kt takes B
23. Q to Q B 2
24. Kt to K B 5
25. Q R to K square (b)
26. P to K B 3 (c)
27. Q to K B 2
28. Q to K Kt 3 (d)
29. B takes P
30. Kt takes R
31. Kt to B 5
32. R to B 2
33. K to R 2
34. Kt to K 7 (e)
35. Q to Kt 8
36. Q to Kt 7
37. Kt to B 5
38. R to Q B 2
39. Q takes R P (g)
40. Q to K 7
41. Q takes P
42. Q takes Kt (ch)
43. Q to B 6 (ch)
44. R to B 6

Black.  
Mr. Geake.

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to Q B 4
4. P to Q 3
5. P takes P
6. B to Q Kt 3
7. Kt to K B 3
8. Castles
9. B to K Kt 5
10. P to K R 3
11. B takes Kt
12. Kt to Q Kt 5
13. B to Q R 4
14. P to Q B 4
15. Kt takes B
16. Kt to Q 2
17. Q to K square
18. Q R to Q square
19. B to Q Kt 3 (a)
20. P takes P
21. B takes B
22. Kt to Q B 4
23. Q to Q 2
24. P to K B 3
25. Q to K 3
26. P to Q Kt 3
27. K R to B 2
28. K to R 2 (best)
29. R takes R
30. R to Q 2
31. Q takes R P
32. K to K 8 (ch)
33. Kt to K 3
34. P to Kt 4
35. R to Q square
36. Kt to Kt 2
37. Q to Kt square (f)
38. K to Kt square
39. R to Q R square
40. R to K square (h)
41. Kt takes Kt
42. K to R square (best)
43. Q interposes

Black resigns.

- (a) The correct play was Q takes K P.
- (b) The game from this point becomes interesting.
- (c) Preferable to the play of P to K B 4.
- (d) Intending to capture K R P next move.
- (e) Threatening mate in four moves.
- (f) The correct move to prolong the game was R to K Kt square.
- (g) Why not Q to K 7 at once?
- (h) Q to K B square the correct rejoinder; the following line of play would then most likely have occurred:—  
40. Q to K B square  
41. B takes Q  
42. R to K Kt square (best)  
43. R to Q Kt 7, and win easily.

[Forwarded by Mr. Rainger, of the *Norfolk News*]

T. RICHARDS.—Perpetual check is a continual alternation of checks, in which the King avoids one to fall into another. In the following position, namely:—

Black.

1. K at K Kt square
2. P at K Kt 2
3. Q at Q R 7
4. R at Q R 6

White.

1. K at K R square
2. Q at K square

White, having the move, can draw the game, by checking at K 8—that is, Black's King's square—and again at Black's K R 4, &c.

T. F.—A Pawn is said to be passed when there is no opposing power to hinder its progress towards the adverse royal square.

W. A. MASON.—We regret that we cannot avail ourselves of your problems: some are defective, and all too simple even for the juveniles.

CORNWALL.—If you will forward to us three postage-stamps, we will procure for you the "A B C of Chess." The work is exactly adapted for the beginner.

F. STATHAM.—A doubled Pawn is a Pawn which has passed from its original file to another, through capturing a piece, and which consequently stands on the same file as another of its own colour.





THE CHILD'S DREAM OF PANTOMIME. DRAWN BY ALFRED CROWQUILL. (See page 458.)





PANTOMIME SEASON—GALLERY, BOXES, AND PIT. DRAWN BY PHIZ. (See page 458.)



## Theatricals, Music, etc.

### THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

AFTER a brilliant day, reminding one more of Spring than Christmas time, Boxing-morning of 1863 opens dull and cheerless, with a drizzling rain, not particularly cold, but one of those gloomy mornings calculated to damp the spirits, no matter how boisterous with joy and excitement they may have been the night before. Instead of the pleasant walk of the day previous, the "public" has the greater attraction, and long before half-past six, the opening time of the theatres, many are in a state of "muzziness." But there they are at the doors, the crowd swaying to and fro in its eagerness to get in. Soon a dull, rumbling noise announces to those nearest the doors that the long-looked-for moment has arrived. Now comes the rush. The money-takers at the pit and gallery entrances tighten their hats upon their heads and prepare for their doom. Fifty dirty hands grasping the required admission fee are pushed simultaneously through the little pigeon-hole, and as unceremoniously thrust back again by the maddened money-taker, who roars in stentorian tones, "One at a time." Coat-tails part company, skirts are torn from their gathens, crinolines crushed into every conceivable shape, hats are smashed, or fall from those struggling above on the heads of those below; women shrieking, men swearing, shouting, fighting their way up the zig-zag staircase till the goal is reached. There they are in their glory! Who can describe the confused mass of shirt-sleeves, fustians, belcher handkerchiefs, of whistles and cat-calls! "Play up, pussy's bowels!" "Where ye shoving to? Mind my old gal, or you'll get a topper!" "Not from you." And bang, smash, blows fly amidst a roar of "Go it's!" and shrieks; and thus the game goes on throughout the first piece, which is generally mere dumb-show; for not a word can scarce be heard. Over goes a suspended bonnet, amidst a roar of laughter. "After you with that bottle!" "Apples, oranges, and ginger beer—bill of the play!"—"Beer, beer, beer!"—these are the usual cries, interspersed with invectives by no means polite, till an unusual commotion in the orchestra, a scraping and tuning of fiddles, is the unmistakable sign that the pantomime is about to commence. The noise and din in the gallery is raised ten-fold by shouts of "Hate off!" "Down in front!" and no sooner does a popular melody greet their ears than all join in a lusty chorus. And there we will leave them in their enjoyment; for they are evidently entering into the full spirit and fun of the pantomime, as will be seen from our illustration on page 457.

With the boxes it is widely different. There Paterfamilias sits at his ease. He has not come himself to see the pantomime. Oh, no! It is to please the little ones. Every phase of excitement is conjured up in their young minds. One minute making the boxes ring with their merry laughter at the tricks of the Clown and the innumerable falls given to the Pantaloon; another minute quaking with fear at the apparition of a host of ghosts; and now clapping their hands with wonder at the magnificence of the transformation scenes, or admiring the graceful dancing of the fairy troops. All these will be floating in inextinguishable confusion through their minds on their way home; and when, completely tired out, their little heads recline on their pillows, then will come "The Child's Dream of the Pantomimes," in all the fantastic shapes so truthfully drawn by Alfred Crowquill, as will be seen from our illustration on page 456. The characters speak for themselves; and there we will let the little sleeper dream on, while we again return to our other illustration.

Below, in the pit, we have another type of character. The money-making tradesman in the "bone and rag line," or the "potato-stores," treats his "missus" and his "young-uns" to the pit on this night; and, of course, being nearer to the all-absorbing scene of action than their usual place in the gallery, the "missus" now thinks the nymphs on the stage are "bold and forrard creeters." Critics and authors, penny-a-liners, and special orders also manage to get a seat in the pit on that night, being able to see better than from the back or side boxes above, as all the best seats have invariably been secured long before the opening night. A foreigner visiting any of our theatres on a Boxing-night would form a strange conclusion of an Englishman's character were he to see him down for exactly the individual he there met, whether in boxes, pit, or gallery. We all know what are English characteristics when in sober, plodding business. We have here attempted to describe what they are when the Englishman is let loose to join in the boisterous festivities of Christmas time, and the uproar and noise of the first night of the pantomime.

Having, in our last, given a slight sketch of the plots of the various Christmas pantomimes, we will now enumerate a few of the most brilliant scenes that will be found at the several theatres.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—The Royal English Opera has again fully maintained its high position for pantomime in this year's production of "The Seven Champions of Christendom." The first scene represents the court-yard of the Palace of Kalyba, the enchantress, who keeps strict ward over the Seven Champions. The second scene is entirely occupied by the equestrian evolutions of the seven heroes, and, although not a word is spoken, it is highly amusing. The third scene, a midnight view of ruins on the banks of the Nile, is one of exquisite beauty. A picnic in this beautiful scene is enlivened by a very well arranged ballet, in which the "silver guards"—female warriors, with burnished shields and helmets—and plumed and plumed take part. The Dragon's nursery, which forms the next scene, brings with it a rare amount of fun, as may be surmised from the fact of St. George (Mr. W. H. Payne) having donned the night attire of Mrs. Dragon, and so penetrating into that sacred sanctuary. In the next scene the real fight takes place between St. George and the Dragon, and who now appears, his nostrils breathing fire, and his eyes sending out firework flames. Of course, the dragon dies hard, and finally the hero marries the heroine, and we are thus led to the grand transformation scene representing the Halls of Chivalry. In the centre of the stage, beneath a magnificent throne, the arched canopy of which climbs up to the very roof, stands a superb equestrian group, representing St. George, mounted on a white charger, resplendent in golden gear, and in the act of spearing a huge monster, whose many-coloured scales seem to light up the whole scene with their dazzling brilliancy. On each side is a row of thick columns, and transparent with a line of rosy light that extends throughout their length. The stage is on both sides closed in by parallel walls, in front of which stand mounted cavaliers and pages, and, far behind the central group, a lustrous vista of storied windows, of hanging banners and feudal trophies, of clustered columns that melt into bright thin lines marking the groined roof. For the first time, the entire depth of the Covent Garden stage has been made use of, and we cannot call to mind any one picture ever yet painted that can approach this Hall of Chivalry. The applause it evoked was enthusiastic in the extreme. Loud and long-continued calls were raised for Mr. Harrison and Mr. Grieve.

**DRURY LANE.**—Here the pantomime is of the utmost brilliancy. The story of "Sinbad the Sailor" is one in which Mr. Beverley has at command all those glittering beauties which none but him can succeed more effectively in realizing in tangible shape to the eye. The pantomime opens with a really magnificent view of the pyramids by sunset—bold and graphic. We have rarely seen anything on the stage more picturesque. In the foreground on the one side, a gigantic Memnon—on the other, a colossal Sphinx. The second scene, representing "The Mountains of the Moon," is marvellously beautiful, and was received with shouts of applause. At the back of the stage is a splendid waterfall of real

water, tumbling, gushing, and musical; the moon is shining full bright on the cascade, which descends in a sheet of living silver. The scene is broken into every variety of landscape, while above the rounded moon and the stars strive for mastery through the straggling clouds. This scene has not been surpassed by any former achievement of Mr. W. Beverley, either for beauty of design or effect of colour. He was most enthusiastically called for, and bowed his acknowledgments. There are also several other beautiful scenes, among them the "Valley of Diamonds," where we have a wondrous piece of mechanism of the descent and flight of the Roc; also, the "City of the Dwarf Kingdom," filled with a numerous tribe of pigmies with large heads. The scene gradually changes to the "Flower Land of the Eastern Magi." The barren rocks turn into flowery beds, the dark trees into burnished golden foliage, whilst radiant flying fairies descend in groups, and the Bright Fairy of the Diamond literally dazzles the sight with the glittering gems in which she is shrouded. The scene is filled in all parts with beautiful forms; and, of the kind, it is certainly one of the most brilliant we have ever seen. Mr. Beverley's excellent taste tempers the blaze of splendour with some beautiful fanciful painting; and in the distance a delicious sky and soft flowering bowers give repose to the eye. That Mr. Beverley and Mr. Robert Hoxby, the stage manager, should be recalled and received with enthusiasm after such a scene was inevitable. The whole house cheered for more than a minute. To describe the whole beauties of the scene is impossible. Let all go and judge for themselves.

**HAYMARKET.**—Without the attraction of a burlesque the re-appearance of Mr. Sothern as "Lord Dandregary" would doubtless have packed this theatre to an overflow; but Mr. Buckstone, as usual, could not let Christmas pass without treating his numerous patrons to something in the scenic way. "King Arthur; or, the Days and Knights of the Round Table," is the title of the Christmas offering here. The scenery may rank with some of the most artistic productions. "Stonehenge at Sunrise," by O'Connor, is a piece of beautiful scenic art, and the "Realm of Fairy Pleasure," by the same, may induce no unworthy comparison with some of F. Danby's ideal works. The pas de fascination, by Miss Fanny Wright, received a numerous and exceedingly well selected corps de ballet, received a well-merited volley from the audience; and the concluding tableau, "The Round Table, spread for the Haymarket Christmas Banquet," is a gorgeously set scene, and with Purcell's celebrated "Come, if you Dare," sent a crowded audience home in the utmost delight.

**PRINCESS'S.**—The pantomime here, embracing as it does the titles of half a dozen nursery stories, has been placed on the stage with great brilliancy, and on Boxing-night everything went as smoothly as though it had been played for weeks. There are some splendid scenes throughout; but our space will only admit of us noticing the transformation scene. In the centre of the stage is a lake of real water, beautifully managed, through which fairies are drawn in large shells, who, with smaller ones, trifle as they go with the stream, and show unmistakably that the water is real. The scene altogether is one of glittering and dazzling beauty, and does Mr. Lloyds, who, with Mr. Vining, was called for and made his appearance, great credit.

**ST. JAMES'S.**—On Boxing-night this theatre opened under the auspices of Mr. B. Webster, with a comic drama from the pen of Mr. Webster, jun., entitled, "Hen and Chickens;" but the audience were too impatient for Mr. Byron's burlesque to give much heed to its performance. The burlesque is one of Mr. Byron's best. "The Sensation of the Past Season" certainly afford him immense scope for word-twisting. Everything of import has been brought in—ghosts, theatres, novels. To allude to one half of them would almost occupy the whole page before us. The exquisite scenery, and the admirable acting of Mr. Toole and Paul Bedford, ensure it the utmost success, although the "hitches" were rather more than usual for a first night, consequent upon the short period of Mr. Webster's taking possession of the theatre. Mr. Webster was warmly cheered by a crowded audience.

**ADELPHI.**—A burlesque by Mr. H. J. Byron, entitled "Lady Belle Belle," in addition to the all absorbing piece of "Leah," and the farce of the "Irish Tiger," comprise the Christmas attractions here. The burlesque introduces us to our old friend Mr. J. Clarke, who made his first appearance since his severe indisposition. His reception was most enthusiastic. Peel after peel welcomed him in the character of the Queen. His make-up was marvellous, and he played the part with a grotesque intensity beyond all praise. All lovers of genuine drollery will rejoice at the return of this accomplished actor to the active duties of his profession. A very prettily designed and well-executed scene, "The Halls of Delight in the Mistletoe Glade," brought the burlesque to a pleasant termination, and while this was being displayed the perfume vapours of Mr. Eugene Himmel diffused through the house an abundance of pleasant and refreshing odours.

**OLYMPIA.**—No Christmas piece was produced here; although one is announced. Tom Taylor's "Ticket-of-Leave" still holds sway.

**LYCEUM.**—A new farce, entitled "The Lost Child," written by Mr. W. Suter, was the only Boxing-night novelty at this theatre. There is an amount of genuine fun in this trifle, but some of the situations are very diverting, and the genuine drollery of Mr. H. Widdicombe, who was ably supported by Mr. Garden, Mr. J. G. Shore, Miss Pauline Leclercq, and Miss Lavenue, secured for it a favourable reception. The love story of "Bel Demonio" is more attractive than ever; and its effective tableaux supply the place of those spectacular effects which may be considered incidental to the season.

**STRAND.**—Another of Mr. Byron's mirth-inspiring burlesques was produced here on Boxing-night. Its title is "Orpheus and Eurydice." It is neatly constructed, admirably travestied, and abounds with genuine humour. Miss Marie Wilton was received with the utmost enthusiasm after her prolonged absence, so much so as to almost overpower her. The music, scenery, and dresses are all exceedingly pretty. A long run is in store for this really splendidly performed burlesque.

**AST-LEYS.**—Under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, this establishment again bids fair to recover its former prestige as a popular place of amusement. The respected lessee has spared neither expense nor pains in opening it in a brilliant manner; and aided by his great experience, the public now have the opportunity of judging what can be done by a spirited proprietor when he sets to work determinedly to secure patronage. Long before the opening of the doors on Boxing-night the crowd outside was something immense. Of course, not half could gain admission, and not a few were disappointed. As we shall refer again to the whole of the pantomimes *seriatim*, we must still confine our remarks to a few scenes. "Harlequin and Friar Bacon" opens with a beautiful scene of the "Fairy Encampment," consisting of mushrooms, which expand, disclosing fairies. "The Grotto of Good Ideas" is another brilliant scene—indeed, they are all of great merit—while the transformation scene is gorgeous in the extreme.

**SURREY.**—As usual, the pantomime here is one of great brilliancy; the transformation scene is really magnificent, and one of Mr. Brew's greatest achievements. It will certainly vie in beauty and elaborate detail with any of this year's productions. We shall refer to it again with pleasure.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—This establishment, under the management of Miss Marriott, again put on its wonted appearance on Boxing-night, being crowded to overflow. The opening of the pantomime, though somewhat long, is smartly written, and affords ample opportunity to test the talents of the principal actors. That

of Miss Minnie Davis, as Prince Exquisite, is, indeed, an exquisite piece of acting. She is charming in the extreme. The scenery is very beautiful. Among Mr. O. S. James's best efforts are "The Eagle's Peak by Moonlight," "The Lake of the Verdant Glade," and "The Source of the Silver Stream in the Valley of Fountains." The transformation scene is "The Opal Throne of the Amazonian Queen in the Golden Hall of Pendant Gems;" and in the unity and splendour of its design and completeness of its details is certainly equal to anything of the kind we have seen at this theatre. It was received with the greatest applause, which brought the fair lessee and the artist forward for the second time during the performance.

**NEW ROYALTY.**—The charming Christmas novelty here is entitled "Madame Berliot's Ball." It is highly amusing, and several of the scenes are beautifully set. The burlesque of "Ixion" is still highly attractive.

**BRITANNIA.**—Pepper's ghost was almost forgotten here on Saturday night, in the eagerness of the crowds to see the splendid pantomime which Mr. Lane has produced this year. We believe nothing previous has surpassed it at this popular establishment. The tricks and scenes throughout are brilliant and well managed. The transformation scene is of the most gorgeous description, eclipsing anything ever before attempted at the East-end of London. The pantomime concluded with the Enchanted Grotto in Elfin Isles, painted by Mr. H. Muir, which was deserving of great praise, and, in fact, only second to that of the transformation scene painted by Mr. T. Rogers, who was unanimously called for before the curtain, and loudly cheered. In the last scene Professor Wheeler's Grand Fairy Fountain was introduced, and its effect was most astonishing, surrounded as it was by the most brilliant scenery.

**STANDARD.**—At an early hour on Boxing-night the doors of this East-end establishment were thronged with eager crowds. Nor were they disappointed in their anticipation of a rare treat in the pantomime. The scenery is as beautiful as could be desired. The "Summer Retreat" was a delightful scene; also the "Crystal Palace on the Quicksilver Lake." The transformation scene "Beauty's Bower," is as beautiful as its title could indicate. It was received with immense applause.

**CITY OF LONDON.**—Mr. Nelson Lee's own pantomime of "Blackbeard, the Pirate," is one of unusual attraction. The haunt of the fairies, under the three aspects of sunset, moonlight, and sunrise, was very effective, and the sudden change of the Mill on the Floss from the warm summer's aspect to that of the depth of winter, was magically startling, and met with loud applause, which was again rapturously repeated when the gorgeous transformation scene was duly unfolded. Mr. Nelson Lee was loudly called for, and bowed his acknowledgments.

**THE VICTORIA.**—Not the least noted is this theatre for its Christmas pantomimes, and this year exceeds if possible in the brilliancy of several of its scenes, particularly that of the transformation. The subject is Britannia surrounded by her nymphs. The mechanism is most perfect, and we scarcely know which to admire most, the beautiful painting, or the graceful unfoldings of the varied effects.

**MARYLEBONE.**—"Jolly King Christmas" is the principal part of the title of the excellent pantomime here. On the rising of the curtain we are introduced to the abode of Jolly King Christmas. His hall is crowded with friends and retainers, and the festive scene reaches its climax with the entry of his majesty upon an enormous plum-pudding. The next scene is a very beautiful one, representing the "Snow-bound Retreat of Jack Frost in the Realm of Perpetual Winter." The gradual transition from winter to summer is extremely well managed and highly effective. "The Naiad's Dell and the Fairy's Retreat" is certainly a very delightful spot. The scenic composition is rendered all the more effective by the introduction of a cascade of real water at the back of the stage, while a charming ballet is proceeding in the foreground. The transformation scene is certainly very magnificent, and highly delighted the house, who called both for Mr. Herbert, the artist, and Mr. Cave.

**PAVILION.**—The pantomime was performed here as the first piece on Saturday evening; and certainly we like the plan, for even at a West-end house order cannot be maintained throughout a first piece on a Boxing-night. The pantomime is from the pen of Mr. Marchant, and its burlesque opening exhibits the author's talent as a punster of no mean degree. It is founded on the favourite legend of "Dick Whittington and his Cat." The opening scene of "Guildhall by Moonlight" is most effective; so also is "Highgate Hill, with London in the distance." The effect here is greatly enhanced by the distant ringing of Bow Bells. There are also several other beautiful scenes before we are introduced to the grand tableau, or transformation. When we say that it is perfectly dazzling, those of our readers who may wend their way there may rest assured of a treat being in store for them. Indeed, for grandeur it far eclipses anything attempted at this establishment previously, and its gorgeousness elicited the unanimous call for the artist, Mr. Quick. The pantomime is produced under the joint care of Messrs. Campbell and Chappell, who, since they have become the managers of this popular East-end house have done wonders in producing novelties; and not only have they done so with credit to themselves, but they have earned for themselves golden opinions for the order which is invariably maintained here.

**GROCIAN.**—This suburban theatre has this year thoroughly sustained its fame for pantomime. It is most gorgeous and attractive. Its title is "Harlequin Robinson Crusoe and his Man Friday." The part of Crusoe devolves upon Miss M. A. Victor, and that of Friday on Mr. G. Conquest. Both these artists are gifted with professional qualities of the rarest order. Among several very beautiful scenes may be mentioned the "Wild Waste of Wicked Woods," in which we meet with a very pleasing scenic novelty, which consists in the weeds under the influence of Jack o' Lantern and the Spirit of Pantomime arranging themselves, as if spontaneously, into the words "Robinson Crusoe and his Man Friday." The transformation scene is a very elaborate and gorgeous affair, the gradual development of which drew down immense applause from the house. Mr. Smithers, the artist, was honoured with a call.

**QUEEN'S.**—The Christmas piece at this house has proved a complete success. The opening is certainly very beautiful, and the comic portion of the business is in the last degree amusing. Some of the scenes are surpassingly beautiful. Among them, the "Lake of Beauty." The exterior of Front de Bouef's Castle has been extremely well conceived, and in the interior of one of its towers Mr. James has given proof of very high talent. The transformation scene takes place in a grove of palm trees, down which a troop of fairies throng to the front, while a beautiful temple appears in the rear, and the whole is gorgeously lighted up.

**EFFINGHAM.**—Every part of the house on Boxing-night was filled. The pantomime introduces several very beautiful scenes, particularly the second, which discloses the exterior of the palace of King Crystal, with the sea in its vicinity. Here a martial procession takes place, in which all the warriors are females. The Naiad's temple of ocean shells is also very beautiful. The transformation scene is a perfect masterpiece of its kind. The time light is applied in it with admirable effect. Miss Harriet Coveney, as King Crystal, was very successful in introducing a number of clever parodies, which were well received.

**GENERAL AMUSEMENTS.**—These were all well attended. We shall notice them in detail in our next.



## Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.  
BOW STREET.

**HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—AN AWARD DOCUMENT.**—Elizabeth Anderson and William Clarke, decently dressed persons, who declined to give any account of themselves, or to state where they resided, were charged before Mr. Corrie with stealing a silver watch from an elderly foreign gentleman, named Auguste Lammie, a merchant, of the City. From the statement of prosecutor who spoke English only imperfectly, it appeared that he was walking along Holborn about midnight on the 27th instant, when the female prisoner accosted him. She appeared intoxicated, and witness begged her to leave him; but she took him by the arm and conducted him into a narrow turning (a man). Her movements excited his suspicion, and he consequently felt in the breast pocket of his coat for a watch, which he had placed there. It was a simple watch, which he used in his trade as a chronometer maker, and it had been wrapped up in a letter written in French. He found that it had disappeared from his pocket, upon which he seized the woman by the arm, and accused her of robbing him. He retained his hold of her, when a man (the prisoner) rushed between them. He nevertheless pursued the woman up the passage into the street, passing a policeman on his way; but not wishing to be involved in a prosecution, if he could avoid it, and thinking the woman might return the watch to him, he did not say anything to the constable, but overtook the girl, and again seized her by the arm. He said a great deal, which possibly she could not understand; and she replied in language which was wholly incomprehensible to him; but she perfectly understood his meaning. They were engaged in altercation, when the constable came up and asked what was the matter, and the male prisoner and a mob of other persons all assembled, demanding him to liberate the woman. He then told the constable what had taken place as well as he could. George Bright, 31 F, deposed that he saw the female prisoner drawing prosecutor by the arm into the mews, and saw the male prisoner follow them. Consequently he went to see what they were about, and met prosecutor coming out, saying something which he (witness) could not understand. Subsequently he found them apparently struggling together, and then prosecutor gave the woman into custody. The male prisoner tried to prevent his taking her to the station, and he had great difficulty in doing so, but ultimately he apprehended him also. He had not been able to find any trace of the watch, but he found in the girl's pocket the letter in which prosecutor's watch had been wrapped up. Prosecutor identified this "award document," and Mr. Corrie, declining Mr. Lewis's appeal to disprove the case, committed both prisoners for trial.

**CHURCH-STEALING.**—Mary Ann Brown, who had been remanded on similar charges of stripping young children of their clothing and leaving them almost naked in the streets, was brought up for further examination. The prisoner was arrested on Sunday week, about ten o'clock in the evening, in High Holborn, by Franklin, E 20, who suspected her, and insisted on seeing the contents of two large bundles which she had in her possession. They were found to contain children's apparel—such as frocks, petticoats, boots, hats, and underlinen. Some of the things were identified by the parents of two of the children, named Moorcombe, living near the New Out, aged five and seven, who had been sent to the "religious services" held on Sunday evening at the Victoria Theatre (not to a theatrical representation, as was erroneously supposed). Two new cases were added on Monday, and about twenty others had been discovered, the parents and the children being all present. In one case a poor child had been literally stripped of everything but its suit, and left shivering in the side door of a pawnbroker's shop. The prisoner offered no defence, and Mr. Henry committed her for trial.

## WESTMINSTER.

**FATAL RESULTS OF CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.**—A very respectable-looking woman, upwards of 50 years of age, was charged with felony, under the following circumstances: Henry Green, assistant to Mr. Chawm, provision-merchant, 83, Fulham-road, said that on Christmas-eve the prisoner came into the shop and bought a small quantity of butter, for which she paid. While he was serving her he remarked that she was endeavouring to put a piece of bacon from the counter into a basket she had with her. He went up and accused her of trying to steal the bacon, when he discovered that she had got another large piece, value 5s, under her shawl, and he then gave her into custody. Mr. Selfe: What is known of the prisoner? Policemen: Nothing. She gave her address at Onslow-cottages, where I found she lived. Her sister is here. A respectable-looking woman, with a child in her arms, stepped forward, and said that the accused was her sister, and she was much grieved to see her in her present position. She was a respectable hard-working woman, and had gained her living for many years by service. Mr. Selfe: How do you account for her committing this robbery? The sister: Only that she had met with some friends, and it being Christmas she had been induced to take some drink, and did not know what she was about. Mr. Selfe (to the prosecutor): Had she been drinking? Prosecutor: She was certainly the worse for liquor, but appeared to know well what she was about. Prisoner: I am guilty. I was intoxicated. Mr. Selfe: I cannot allow that to be urged as an excuse, or no one's property would be safe. You are committed for one month.

**HEARTLESS ROBERT OF A POOR WIDOW.**—An Irishwoman, 23 years of age, who gave the name of Alice Holland, was placed at the bar before Mr. Selfe, charged with stealing a box containing five half-sovereigns, a quantity of wearing apparel, and other articles, the property of Mary Splon. The prosecutor is a widow, working at a laundry to maintain herself and a child, and the robbery deprived her of all her savings, as well as other things. She stated that she went out on Monday afternoon, leaving her house and premises perfectly secure. On her return home at night, however, she found that a box, containing five half-sovereigns, trinkets of very little value, brooch, containing some of her deceased husband's hair, which she much prized, and a number of other articles had been carried off. On examination of the place it was found that the lock of the door had been untouched, an entrance to the room having been effected by the window. She went to the station, and on leaving it met a policeman bringing her box in, but empty. Mr. Selfe: Do you know anything of the prisoner? Prosecutor: Yes, she lodged with me for about a couple of months. She came to me as a servant out of place, with nowhere to go to, and I took her in. What makes you suspect her? No one knew all about my concerns, and of course having lodged with me she knew all about my concerns, and besides that she had said quite enough to let me know she did it. Tell me what she said, and under what circumstances?—She was taken by a policeman, after we had been some time looking for her, and then she said, "If you let me go I will tell you where the box and money is." Did she tell you?—No, she did not tell me, because the policeman would not listen to her, and let her go, but took her to the station house. Some of the little things at the bottom of my box were found scattered about Marlborough-square, Chelsea, where the box was picked up. Alfred Archer, a boy, said he was going through Marlborough-square, when he saw the box against the railings, and gave it to a policeman. A police-constable proved apprehending the prisoner, who had been drinking freely. He heard her offer to tell where the box and money were if liberated, but he, of course, refused to liberate her. Prisoner was remanded.

## CLERKENWELL.

**THIEVES AND RECEIVERS.**—William Bale Clarke and Hannah Ann Clarke, man and wife, and Charles Cullingworth, described as agents, and well-known to the police as the receivers of stolen property, were charged with having a number of gold and silver watches, gold and silver ornaments, of brooches, gold earrings, crucifixes, and other articles in their possession, of which they could not give a satisfactory account. Mr. Pater, barrister, attended to defend the prisoners Clarke, and Mr. Lewis, of Wilmington-square, presented on behalf of Messrs. Cherrill, who a few months since were robbed of about £200 worth of jewellery. At the previous examination it was proved that the prisoners were seen going down the City-road by Inspector Bryant, Police-sergeant Evans, 22 G, and Police-constable Fawell, 425 A, and their movements being very suspicious the police stopped them and asked them what they had got about them. The prisoners replied "Nothing," and the prisoner Cullingworth made a struggle to get away. With assistance the prisoners were got to the Old-street police station, where they were searched, and a large quantity of valuable property was found upon them. The owners of several of the watches here since been discovered, but there are some that are still unclaimed, as well as rings and brooches marked Clunie, all of which can be seen at the Old-street police-station, St. Luke's. Joseph Connolly said: I am a prisoner in the House of Correction, and sentenced to six months' hard labour for stealing jewellery belonging to Messrs. Cherrill, who were then my employers. The jewellery consisted of gold chains, brooches, earrings, and pins. I was induced to commit the robbery by a man. That man, on the 4th of September last, at about half-past eight o'clock in the evening, came to my master's office, 6, Newcastle-place, Clerkenwell-close, by arrangement between him and me. I took two bags, containing brooches, chains, earrings, and pins, and gave them to him. We both left together. We went to Clarke's house, 82, Dent-street, Whitechapel. I went in the evening between eight and nine. On the Sunday night following I went with the man to whom I had given the jewellery to Clarke's house in Fulham-street; we took some jewellery which I had stolen from my employers. Clarke and his wife

were present, and Clarke purchased some of the gold chains at 32s. 6d. per ounce. What he purchased that night amounted to nearly £50, and Clarke said £50 of that amount. Before the price was given the man to whom I sold the chains he told me the City. The man said that the boy who took them was at home. Clarke said he did not know where he lived. We both said that we had left the boy at home. He did not say where in the City the goods had been stolen from. We went on the next day to the same place and saw Clarke, and we sold him some gold earrings. We went every night up to the following Monday. We sold him goods each night. I saw Clarke pay to the man that was with me some £30. Clarke said he wanted keys to put on the chains. The chain produced by Mr. Hunt, of Evershott-street, is one of the chains. The witness also identified the chains produced by about a dozen other pawnbrokers. Police-sergeant Evans, 22 G, stated what took place on the apprehension of the prisoners, and enumerated the various articles of jewellery and pawnbrokers' tickets found in their possession. Several of the stolen articles were identified by different witnesses as belonging to the stock of Messrs. Cherrill. Mr. D'Eyncourt sent the prisoners for trial, consenting to take bail for the prisoner Hannah Ann Clarke, herself in £40, and two sureties in the sum of £20 each. In the course of the day bail was found, and the woman was discharged.

**SERIOUS CHARGE OF GAULFING.**—Thomas Bennett, a rough-looking fellow, well known to the police, was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with violently assaulting and attempting to rob Mr. Thomas John Wall in the Pentonville-road. Mr. Thomas Wakeling, of Great Percy-street, Clerkenwell, attended for the prisoner. From the evidence of the complainant it appeared that he was returning home along the Pentonville-road about eleven o'clock at night, and when in a dark part he was suddenly seized from behind by four men, and lifted off the ground. One of the men, whom he knew to be the prisoner, put his arm round his (prosecutor's) neck and nearly choked him. He turned and did the prisoner press his neck, that he felt the pain for hours afterwards. The prisoner and his companions attempted to rob him, and turned out his pockets, but he did not lose anything. Had it not been for the speedy arrival of the police, he was of opinion that he should have been very much maltreated. In answer to Mr. Wakeling the complainant stated that he was perfectly sober. He was sure that it was the prisoner's fingers that pinched his (prosecutor's) neck. Although the prisoners seized him from behind he could swear positively that he was the man. Police-constable Jones, 163 G, said he saw the prisoner and his companions following the prosecutor, and suspecting that they were up to no good, he watched them. He saw the prisoner go behind the prosecutor and seize him round the neck. He went towards them, and the prisoner's companions ran away. He caught the prisoner with his hands in the prosecutor's pocket. Mr. D'Eyncourt inquired what was known of the prisoner. The police stated that he was a notorious character, and was a companion of the worst of thieves. Mr. Wakeling asked the magistrate to decide the case at once. It was not the wish of the prosecutor that the prisoner should be sent to the sessions, and by deciding it here it would save trouble and expense. Mr. D'Eyncourt said he could pay no attention to the wish of the prosecutor. This was a very serious case of robbery, and caused great alarm in the public mind last winter. He should send the prisoner for trial at the Central Criminal Court. Mr. Wakeling applied that the prisoner might be admitted to bail, but the application was refused.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**A BRUTE FURNISHING.**—George Stripp, of 8, Charles-street, St. James's, private hotel keeper, was charged before Mr. Knox with assaulting his wife, Mrs. Edith Stripp, and with threatening to murder her. He was also charged with assaulting Eliza Cornish, a young woman living in his service. Mrs. Stripp said: On Thursday night my husband came home, and shortly after he threw a quantity of slops over me while I was lying in bed. He then poured some hot candle-grease in my face, and took up a fender and struck me with it, cutting my hand. I was so ill yesterday that I was obliged to keep my bed, and he never came near me till the evening. When he did come then I was locked in the room with my servant and five children, so as to get out of his way. On letting him in he began his ill-treatment, striking and pinching me in the side. He has often ill-used me, and it is all through drinking, bad company, and bad women. We live by letting the house to gentlemen, but they will not stay owing to my husband's conduct. Prisoner: Jealousy is the cause of it all. My wife once gave me a black eye. Mrs. Stripp: He has often threatened to kill me and sleep me up. Eliza Cornish: I am a servant at the hotel. I saw the prisoner strike his wife last evening. We had all been locked in the room to protect ourselves, but we were obliged to let him in. He struck me twice in the face and struck and pinched his wife. I heard a fender and struck me with it, cutting my hand, and then throw her out of the window. Prisoner: You have told my wife a pack of lies about me. Richard Braham, a young man employed at the hotel, said: I saw my master strike Mrs. Stripp with the fender while she was lying in bed. Henry Daniel Cronin, 215 C: I was called to the house about two this morning, and the prisoner was very violent. He broke several ornaments in the room, and tried to throw a chest of drawers over me. Mr. Knox: I suppose, Mrs. Stripp, it is all through drink? Mrs. Stripp: It is, sir. We have five little children. Prisoner: It's all through her saying I go about with a parcel of women, which is not true. She is a very good wife, so I will not say anything against her. Mr. Knox: In consequence of the brutal and refractory way in which you have treated your wife I should advise her to place herself in the hands of a solicitor, with a view of getting a legal separation from you for her sake and that of the children. I can hardly trust myself to speak my indignation at your conduct. I shall commit you for six months with hard labour.

**FRAUDULENT CHEQUES.**—Edward Bathurst, gentleman, 57, Fifth-street, Soho, was brought before Mr. Tyrwhitt charged with obtaining the sum of £10 from Mr. William Cooper, chemist, No. 26, Oxford-street, by false pretences. Mr. Edward Lewis, of Great Marlborough-street, was for the prosecution; and Mr. George Lewis, jun., defended Mr. Edward Lewis said the case against the prisoner was, that he had obtained £10 by means of a cheque on Messrs. Roberts and Co., of Lombard-street, the prisoner well knowing that he had no effects at the bank at the time, and also that he had been previously written to by one of the partners at the bank not to give any more cheques on their firm. The letter was written in consequence of several cheques having been presented at the bank, payment of which was refused. There were many cases of a similar kind against the prisoner, not only for having given cheques on Messrs. Roberts, but also on Messrs. Willis, Fawell, and Co., where there was no money. Since the prisoner had obtained Mr. Cooper's money he had become bankrupt. He should only produce some preliminary evidence, and then ask for a remand. Mr. Aker, assistant to Mr. Cooper, said he had known the prisoner since about July last, in consequence of his making purchases at the shop. On the 23rd November the prisoner asked him to cash a cheque on Messrs. Roberts and Co. for £10. He did so, and the cheque was afterwards returned dishonoured. The prisoner subsequently wrote to Mr. Cooper to the effect that he was not to part with the cheque, and that when he came to town he would arrange matters. Mr. Allen, ledger keeper at Messrs. Roberts and Co., said the prisoner opened an account at the bank about four or five months ago. Since the 29th September the prisoner had no money at the bank, but the account was still open. The bank had returned cheques drawn by the prisoner after the 29th September, and had returned others unpaid. The prisoner's account was permitted to overdraw his account. He was not a partner in the firm. Mr. Tyrwhitt remanded the prisoner, but agreed to take bail—two sureties in £40 each, and the prisoner in £100.

## MARYLEBONE.

**THE INQUIRY DODGE.**—SAD IF NOT FATAL RESULTS TO THE PROSECUTRIX. —Mary Beecher, who refused her address, was brought up on remand charged with picking the pocket of Mrs. Anne Hardman. Mr. Pater, the barrister, attended for the prisoner. This was the second remand in order to see if the prisoner could be identified as an old offender. In this, however, there was a failure. The evidence on the former occasion went to show that the prisoner stopped the prosecutrix and inquired of her the way to the Royal Oak. She was directed, and after she left prosecutrix missed her purse containing a sovereign and two pence. She went after her and asked her with the robbery. Prisoner dropped the sovereign at her feet and handed over the purse. She was looked up. Kkrk, the constable, stated that the prosecutrix was not now in attendance through illness, and handed up the following certificate:—"I hereby certify that Mrs. Hardman is unable to attend at the police-court, in consequence of an abscess in the breast, attended with extreme debility, which keeps her in bed.—R. G. GOSNELL, Surgeon, &c., 7 Upper Southwick-street, Hyde-park." Kkrk added that the doctor said owing to her having only recently been confined, and compelled to wait in the cold precincts of this court, she had caught her cold, and he believed she would not recover from it. Mr. Knox observed that a more truly tragic or deplorable story he did not know. This poor woman was robbed, and in coming there to give evidence she was now likely to lose her life. Mr. Pater made an appeal to the worship on behalf of his client. Prisoner pleaded "Guilty" to the offence now, sooner.

**CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.**—The "merry time of Christmas" caused an unusual number of charges to be brought to this court on Monday, and, taking into consideration that there were many remanded cases, summonses

and warrants to be gone into, Mr. Knox had by no means an easy day's work. Complainants and defendants—some with black eyes, broken heads, strapped up noses, &c.—appeared in great profusion; and the excuses generally made were, "Your worship, Christmas is only once a year, and I don't recollect anything about it;" or, "Some friends dropped in to see me, and the drops we had got over us." The "fair," numerically speaking, predominated over the sterner sex, in the ratio of two to one; and many were the torn bonnets, caps, and other feminine habiliments produced, the result of close conflicts amongst the "ladies." The worthy magistrate dealt as leniently as he consistently could with those who had exceeded the bounds of order and propriety.

**FEROCEOUS ASSAULT.**—The number of charges on Monday of "drunks and incapables," and "drunks and disorderlies," were much more numerous than usual, even for Christmas time, and in consequence Mr. Knox took his seat precisely at ten o'clock in order to get through the business. The most serious charge was preferred against a young man named Maurice Birmingham. Richard Salt, 180 D produced a handful of hair, which he said the prisoner had pulled out of the head of a woman whom he had been dragging about. The woman now declined to appear. There were others present to charge him. Catherine Connor, a respectable married woman, whose head was in bandages, said that on Saturday afternoon she was in her parlour, at No. 3, Walmer-place, when she observed a mob outside. On going to ascertain the cause she saw a female lodger of hers on the ground surrounded by ten or twelve rough girls and two or three rough fellows. The prisoner was kneeling on the top of the female, and in the act of biting her ear off, when she (witness) took hold of him by the collar to pull him off. As soon as she had done so prisoner struck her with his fist a most violent blow on the mouth. He then took off his belt and struck her a fearful blow with the buckle end of it, falling her to the ground and causing the injuries from which she is now suffering. She was quite insensible, and had to be taken to the hospital to have her wounds dressed. Johannah Daly, a general servant, said she was standing at the door of last witness when the prisoner with a mob of girls without bonnets or shawls on and two or three rough fellows surrounded her and pulled her down. The prisoner knocked her down and she fell on her back. Prisoner caught hold of one of her earrings and tried to pull it out. He then opened his mouth, and was in the act of biting her when her landlady pulled him off. She was so knocked about and her hair pulled so violently, that she became insensible. Mary Walsh (who had a frightful black eye) was also very much knocked about, and had had a quantity of hair pulled out. Mr. Knox sentenced the prisoner (who behaved in a very insolent manner during the inquiry) to six months' imprisonment in the House of Correction, with hard labour.

## THAMES.

**CUTTING A GIRL'S THROAT.**—Samuel Ford, aged 43, was charged with cutting the throat of a girl named Catherine Mahoney, with intent to murder her or do her grievous bodily harm. On Sunday morning, between seven and eight o'clock, a police-constable was called to a narrow court, known as Burton-entry, White Horse-street, Ratcliff, and in a room there found a girl named Catherine Mahoney with her throat horribly cut. The room was in great confusion. The girl was able to say that the prisoner had been ill-using his wife, and that after the latter had escaped from the room he took up a razor and cut her throat. She was bleeding from the wound all the way to the Stepney Station-house, and Mr. Horton, the divisional surgeon of the police, was sent for and dressed the wound. The girl was then carried to the London Hospital. Thimbleby handed to the magistrate a certificate from Mr. George King, house surgeon of the London Hospital, which stated that Catherine Mahoney was admitted on the 27th inst. with an incised wound on the throat, and was in danger. Thimbleby said that he searched the prisoner's bed, the one on which the girl slept, and turned everything over, without finding a razor. He then searched a box belonging to the prisoner, and it contained a bag of wearing apparel, books, and papers; below all he discovered a razor with marks of wet blood on it. The prisoner said it was his razor, and one he shaved himself with. Mr. Woolrych asked the prisoner if he had any questions to ask the witness? The prisoner made no answer. John Murphy, a labourer, of No. 6, Burton-entry, said: The prisoner lives in the same house with me. Catherine Mahoney is my sister-in-law. She slept up-stairs with the prisoner's two daughters. He and his wife and a little boy slept in another bed in the same room. I heard the prisoner beating his wife yesterday morning. She called out murder and help. I went up and saw him striking his wife. He dragged her out of bed, and she ran away. Her daughters followed her. Soon afterwards I heard the girl call out, "He has stabbed me," and I went upstairs, and found her bleeding from the throat. I then sent a man for the police. Mr. Woolrych remanded the prisoner until Tuesday next.

## LAMBETH.

**A BAND OF DETERMINED SMASHERS.**—Amongst a batch of smashers placed at the bar before the Hon. G. O. Norton, on charges of passing base coin, was Robert Cunningham, one of the men who had been tried at the Old Bailey, with several others, on a charge of being concerned in the extensive robbery of the Bank of England bank-note paper. From the evidence against Cunningham it appeared that he tendered a counterfeit shilling at the pay-box of the Lambeth-bridge and received change, but before he got over the bridge the collector discovered that the coin was bad, and he was brought back. He requested to see the shilling, and the instant he got it into his hand he popped it into his mouth and swallowed it. He also put something else into his mouth, and was told by the constable to spit it out. He refused to do so, but told the officer to put in his finger and search for it. "A favour," said the officer, "I begged to decline" (Laughter). On his way to the station-house the prisoner spat something into the area of a house, which turned out to be a counterfeit shilling, and it was found that he had fourpence in copper on his person, besides the change he received, so that there was no occasion for his changing the shilling at the bridge. Mr. Sandie, landlord of the George and Bad public-house, Orchard-street, Westminster, said that on the 5th inst. the prisoner came to his house and tendered a counterfeit florin in payment for a pint of beer, and he then told him he had a great deal to give him into custody, and should have done so if he had not just then got out of trouble. The prisoner apologized for what he had done, said he was very sorry, and should not attempt such a thing at his house again. Yet on the same evening he came again, had another pint of beer, and placed a gilt medal on the counter, head upwards, and in that position it had all the appearance of a sovereign, and he had no doubt whatever that he (the prisoner) expected that he would give him the change as if it had been a sovereign. A clerk from the Mint was sufficiently strong, the prisoner, who was determined and powerful middle-aged man, was committed to take his trial on each charge. Another of the batch, who gave the name of Elizabeth Johnson, but who refused her address, was also fully committed for trial on a charge of passing two counterfeit crown pieces at a pie-shop. Two were further remanded, and three were turned again out on the public.

**LOVE AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.**—Thomas Reeves, a stupid-looking fellow, of 23, was brought up from St. Thomas's Hospital, and charged before the Hon. G. O. Norton, with attempting to commit self-murder, by inflicting a severe wound in his throat. From the evidence adduced it appeared that the prisoner had been engaged for some years in a shirt-board manufactory in Lambeth, where he was very much respected, and some three months ago formed an acquaintance with a young woman in the Waterloo-road. He was anxious to get her to live with him, but her brother interfered and would not allow her, and this had such effect upon his mind that he carried home from the factory one of the cutting knives, an instrument six inches broad, as sharp as a razor, and about six inches deep, and with this he inflicted a deep and serious wound in front of his throat. He was taken to the hospital without delay, and for several days but faint hopes were entertained of his surviving. The prisoner acknowledged the truth of all that had been stated, but Mr. Norton observing that he was still in an extremely weak state, and probably ignorant of all religious subjects, remanded him for a week to Horse-monger-lane Gaol, that he might have the advantage of the advice of the clergyman of that prison.

## WANDSWORTH.

**SINGULAR RECOVERY OF A LOST RING.**—Mary Mahoney, a married woman, who carried a child in her arms, surrendered to her bail, to further answer the charge of being in the unlawful possession of a diamond ring worth £20. The prisoner offered the ring for pledge at the shop of Mr. Folkard, a pawnbroker in the Wandsworth-road, and asked for the loan of only 7s., which excited the suspicion of the manager, who, seeing that the ring was of great value, detained it, and gave information to the police. The prisoner asserted that the ring was her own property, and was given to her about six years ago by the lady with whom she lived as servant. Inquiries were made, and it was found that the ring was lost some years ago while the prisoner was in the service of a lady residing in Oxford-terrace, Hyde-park. The lady now attended, and wished the case to drop, as she believed the prisoner was innocent of stealing the ring. Mr. Ingham discharged the prisoner, without expressing any opinion. He said the pawnbroker had acted with extraordinary prudence and propriety, and the public should be extremely obliged to him. If all persons acted in the same way thieves would have a difficult time of it.



## Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE;  
OR,  
LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.  
A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE UNHEEDED WARNING.

Mrs. COLONEL O'GOGGARTY said "Fudge!" and she said it with such an unmistakable accent, that it was clear to Mrs. Captain Smith, whose only mission in this world appeared to be the increase of the Smiths, that she meant it.

But in spite of Mrs. O'Goggarty saying "Fudge!" she kept her eye on her own ball-room door, that it might have been supposed she was watching for a conspiracy, and meant to find it out sooner than the conspirators themselves.

"It's only a head-ache," she said, when she heard the news. "It can't be any other thing than just a head-ache," she said, at half-past nine.

But at ten, and after she had had a quadrille with Bayham, of the light horse, from which she came out so hot, that it might have been supposed the dance in question had been perpetrated in a fiery furnace,—at ten, she said—"Sure, the darlint must be ill, or here she'd be, for it's not herself 'ud damage me party by keeping away from it; and if she did, what 'ud Olive be about to cut me; and I'll just thank ye, Mrs. Captain Smith, to move away from the windy, and give me a bit of air."

What was it that the colonelness of the 8—th would not believe?

Simply, the statement that flew through her dancing-room at nine o'clock, that Lady St. Maur had been seized with brain fever!

Who brought the news, how it got into the ball-room, nobody ever learnt; and, indeed, in a few days, each of the human beings who had assisted to brighten Mrs. O'Goggarty's room had other and more engrossing matters to think of than who had first circulated the report that Lady St. Maur had been seized with a most unaccountably rapid brain fever.

But when, at ten, Mrs. O'Goggarty was fully convinced that the rumour had more truth in it than she had been willing to find credit for, Mrs. O'Goggarty knew what to do. She was a capital woman in a ball-room, and indeed on that very night the effect she had created with her amber "sattun" (as she called it), trimmed with little lumps of seed-coral, had been immense. But the moment Mrs. O'Goggarty heard a sister-in-arms was on a sick-bed, Mrs. O'Goggarty (so to speak) put away the yellow sattun and the lumps of coral, and figuratively arrayed herself in a cotton night-cap and a warm flannel dressing-gown, and set to work doing something better than dancing—in other words, nursing.

As it really was, she would not wait to change the sun-coloured garment, but unceremoniously stepping into the last vehicle which had set down visitors at her bungalow, and set off for the country house of our Indian heroine, calling out, as the palanquin bearers began to move, "Gog,"—this to the colonel—"Gog, see to the girls, and don't let the boys drink too much stuff."

"Stuff," in Anglo-Indian, means "alcoholic drink," and though it may at first sight appear astounding that a colonelness should bawl out such a direction to her colonel, still if the reader had a second sight, and could see into the heart of India, he would learn that even in these improved days, the colonelness of a regiment, if she is a civil sort, reminds one awfully of a schoolmistress. Anyhow, it is certain that Mrs. O'Goggarty was a maternal kind of colonelness amongst the gobs, and some of them had even already gone to the extent of distinguishing her from her colonel by calling him Daddy Gog and his lady Mother Megog. It is true that the words do not sound nice in the ears, but if you could have heard them spoken in India as at Cawnpore in the May of 1857, you would have said that they were some of the pleasantest words you had ever heard.

Ah me! on that night of Mrs. O'Goggarty's last ball at Cawnpore, how many of those who laughed, made love, flirted and scandalized—how many were to be alive, or, if alive, in such a condition as to make life worth having within a month from that time?

To what can you compare that ghastly merriment which preceded the Indian massacre? Comparisons rise slowly in the mind, but those which are formed pale before the actuality. Take, for instance, the awful commencement of the massacres of the Protestants in France—a commencement in a ball-room, where the Romanist guests, by pre-concert, turned in the midst of the dancing, and on the very ball-room floor spilt the blood of those with whom they had been falsely merry-making. But these scenes are shadowed by age, and, again, the French Protestants were always prepared for a danger of that kind.

Then another comparison rises in the mind. Out in South

America, where the natives are a kind of fallen Spanish race, they dance over a land which is one vast volcano. Suddenly, in the midst of the gay laughter and movement, while the castanette is rattling and the guitar is twanging, the earth shakes; it opens—buildings, and trees, and mountains heave and fall, and in a few moments the scene of perfect gaiety has become a stretch of absolute desolation.

But neither of these cases approach the catastrophe of the Indian massacres. The French Protestants knew the Romanists to be enemies; the Mexican or Brazilian knows that the land may at any moment rise against him; but the mass of English had not the faintest anticipation of what was about to happen to them. Those who were to turn upon and slay them waited patiently behind chairs, carried salvers, and as they did so, passed with humble, lowered heads. The enemy was utterly unknown, and unknown while even in the camp. It was like waking in the night, and finding a mad assassin with his knife at your throat.

But to return to Mrs. O'Goggarty.

With a warm shawl round her dear throat, to keep out the cold dew—and, indeed, it is just possible that she had indulged in a small trifle of another shape with the view of keeping out that same cold—thus caparisoned, Mrs. O'Goggarty, having given a chapter of orders, like the general she ought to have been, that master of the regiment made for Olive's bungalow.

Within that house all was fear, and mute, stupid anticipation.

with the idea that she could hear the tale at any time, but that probably the sooner Lotty had a white sister's face near her the better.

"You can do no good, I fear, Amelia," said the chaplain.

"No good?" said the colonelness, with an air of asking the chaplain if he was aware he was committing a breach of discipline.

"No, Amelia! Olive found his wife totally speechless, but apparently with her sight still under her command. She was, it appears, lying on a couch, and the Ayah Vengha was leaning over her, white with fright and trembling in every limb. After a time Lotty began to mutter incoherently, and to raise her clenched hand. After a time, Olive found that this hand contained a something which obtained her wandering attention fitfully. He found that she was grasping part of a stalk of a lotus flower—the flower and bottom part of the stalk of which had been apparently broken away from the clenched hand. She was totally insane at the time he first saw her, but quiescent. No sooner, however, had he obtained possession of this stalk than she began to mutter, then to call aloud, and so she has now continued for hours, with intervals of exhaustion."

"What does she say?"

"She speaks chiefly in Sanscrit, of which language neither I nor her husband, nor even Phil Effingham, knows enough to follow her words; but with her utterances in that tongue she mixes English sentences, the import of which is terrible. Go to her."

Amelia got up, taking no more notice of the amber sattun having got, as to its train, into a water-pan lying in the room, and which had been used in the sick-room, than though it had been a sponge. She knew the house by this time—long before, indeed—and her honest hand was soon upon the handle of its door.

She went in.

"What's it all about, Phil?" she said, as she entered, and as her eyes fell upon Dr. Phil Effingham, seated moodily upon a sofa.

"I don't know," said Phil. "I'm glad you've come. Perhaps you will have some influence over her. Speak to her, Mrs. O'Goggarty."

Amelia went to the bedside. "My blessed sakes!" said Amelia; "why, this here is a change, indeed!"

The old colonel's middle-aged wife (for, once married, she admitted something like her age) did indeed mark a change in the patient.

There lay Lotty—otherwise Lady St. Maur—like a corpse; very pale, with eyes fixed, dilated, and without expression, except that of fear, and a something like defeat.

A panic had fallen on the face. It looked conquered, and as though it was aware of the victory it had lost. It appeared to look from afar off, and as though it were puzzled and isolated. Near the bedside, and in the shadow of a screen, sat Vengha, her eyes upon the ground, her face immovable, and as white as it could be made to look.

Lotty appeared to the good colonelness to be looking through and past that kindly Irish visitor.

"Sure, Lotty," said the colonelness, "what's the matter?"

The words roused Lotty from her torpor.

"Save!" she cried in a weak, wavering voice—"save them!" "Save who, my darlint? Ye'd much better be after savin' yourself the trouble of all this. Save who?"

"Save all the race—the white race! India is to be reddened, as the lotus stalk, or the setting sun. Warn them, and they will be safe!" Then she suddenly shuddered, and called out, "Olive! Olive! Help!" Then she fell back motionless, and shut her eyes.

"Lotty repeats this scene," said Claude, "twenty times within the hour. It is a kind of remembrance of the occurrence which preceded her attack. I was in my room when I heard her call out in agony, 'Olive!—help!' I ran to the door, and found my wife insensible in the arms of her servant Vengha."

Here Vengha bowed her head humbly.

"In a few moments she returned somewhat to herself, and spoke as you have now heard her speak. Phil can make nothing of it."

"No," said Effingham; "I can make nothing of it, because Lady Olive's illness is not of a character which ever came under my notice."

While thus speaking, he kept his eyes fixed upon Vengha. "She may be suffering from some Indian poison," continued Effingham. "I know that here in India the art of poisoning is carried to something like a monstrous perfection."

And here Lotty again enacted the scene which we have already described. She regained her voice, apparently with no effort beyond a shudder, and cried, "Save—save them! Save all the race—the white race! India is to be reddened as the lotus stalk or the setting sun. Warn them, and they will be safe!" Then came the pause, followed by the words, "Olive, Olive, help!"

"Do ye apprehend anything serious, doothor?" asked the colonelness.

"No," said Phil; "there is no evidence of danger so far, but I have said I can make nothing out of the case."

"Have ye sent for help yourself now?" asked Mrs. O'Goggarty.

"You mean for other doctor's help? No, because I fear their treatment. I am almost certain they would pooh, pooh my idea



THE BUTCHER OF CAWNPORE. (See page 462.)

She found in the drawing-room the Rev. George Graham, and him alone.

A neglected wax-light was flaring on the table, guttering at the open window, and half-clogged with the fluttering moths, which had courted the flame until consumed by it.

"God bless ye, Graham! What's the matter with the child?"

"She is raving!" said Graham.

"Why so? Tell us all about it, and—for ye've been a married man, and old enough to be a grandfather of just a round dozen—would ye unhook me behind?—for given me such a turn, ye have, and come straight from the ball, I have; for, if not, burst I must somewhere, and tell me all about it in a minute!"

"It calls for little telling, Amelia," the chaplain began, using the privilege of an old friend, and calling her by that name, which on her marriage she had apparently signed away with her maiden one of O'Flarty. "The facts are simply these. St. Olive came home to dress for the mess dinner when he found the black servants running about the house in that panic-stricken way which is common to the poor fellows. Obtaining from one of them a hurried word to the effect that the ma'am sahib was very bad, he ran to his wife's room and found—"

"Sure, I'd better go to her," broke in O'Goggarty, just struck

and spoke as you have now heard her speak. Phil can make nothing of it."

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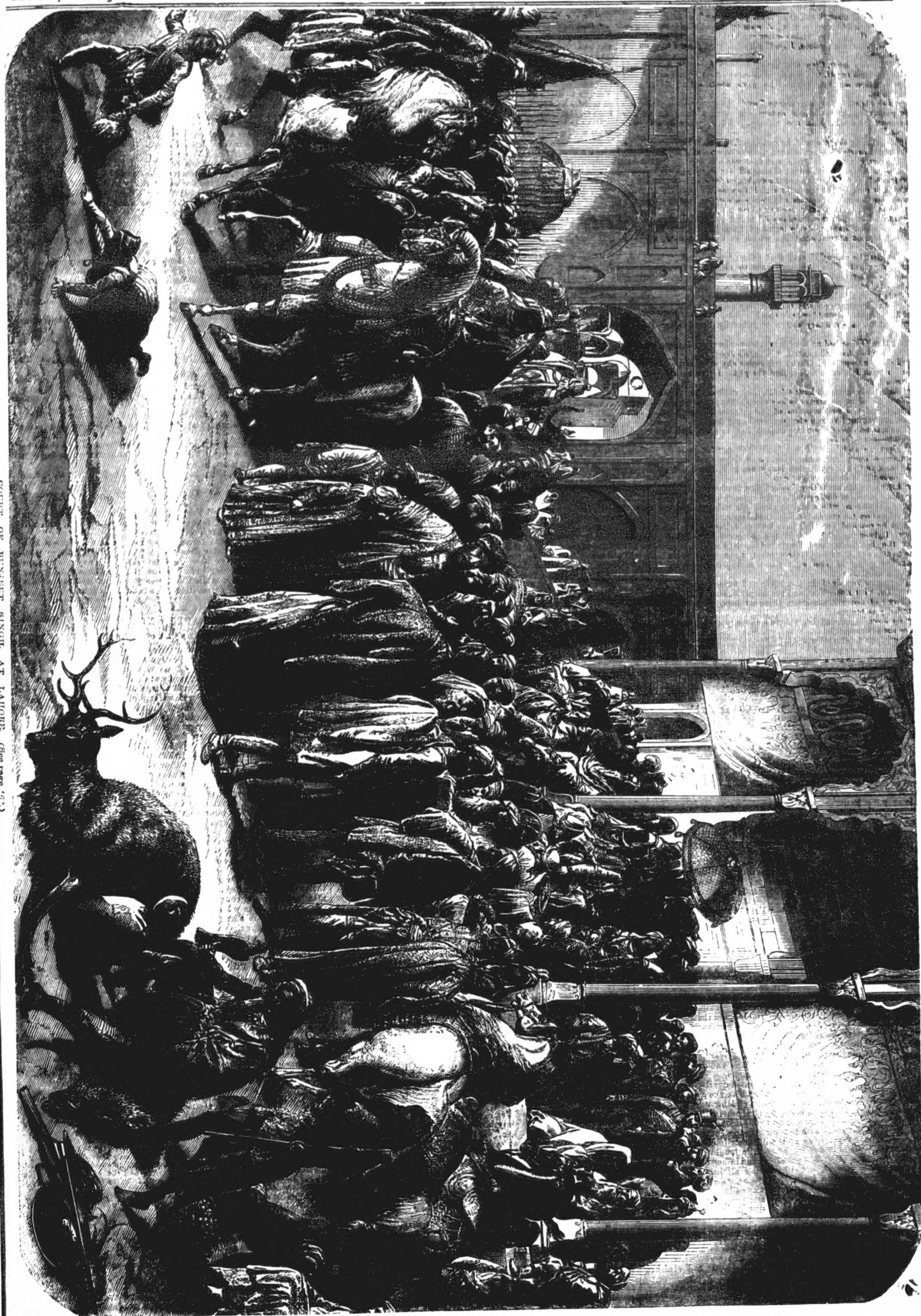
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COURT OF HUNTER'S NIGHT, AT LAIORE. (See page 463.)



that Lady St. Maur is suffering from poison, and if they had their way, they might complete what enmity or accident has begun. Of course, if St. Maur wishes other medical men to be called in, I give way; but till he does, I shall take Lady St. Maur's case on my own shoulders."

"Well, any how, they are broad enough to carry her," said O'Gog, whose small, flat, little jokes tumbled out quite apart from any exertion on her part. She gave them off as a cat does electricity.

"If she is suffering from poison," said the doctor—"and I don't say positively she is—it and nature are warring, and from all appearances she will gain the victory. Then, perhaps, she will speak."

Still, during these words, he continued to watch Vengha. Not a movement made she—not a word did she utter. She kept her eyes fixed upon her mistress's face, and that was all.

And here Mrs. O'Gog began taking off her warm shawl. "Faith!" says she, "it's not the costume for a sick-room, though I think it told well at the ball; and I'll nurse her myself; and me linen jacket and me cotton night-cap are comin' round; and it's Amaylia O'Gogarty 'ull nurse her like a mother."

"But what will the colonel say?" asked St. Maur, who, in the trouble which had suddenly assailed him, had drifted into the patient, almost stupid, condition which, to the looker-on, appears like apathy.

"Bodder the colonel!" said that officer's wife. "And he'll say I'm doing right. 'Twas himself said to me, when I was sending him into action wid as hot a cup o' coffee as the man could drink. 'Amaylia,' said he—'Amaylia, it's myself am thinking that what ye do is what ye should do; and it's what ye do I'll never say nay to.' And 'tis strange if any thing or any man moves me from the bed this night. Bedad! what's that?"

"That" was a military call not ordinarily heard after Indian sunset.

But Mrs. O'Gog had no time to waste over bugle calls; so, turning once more to Clive, she asked, "Where's Jessie?"

"I don't know," said Clive; "it seems she went out some hours ago. I wish I knew where to find the girl. I like her to be about her mistress."

"Bedad, she couldn't have a faithfuller colleen than Jessie!"

Now, Lota, whose senses in her sleep still appeared marvellously acute, heard the first mention of the Highland lassie's name, and again something like knowledge spread over her face.

The second use of the name caused her to start, and she cried, "Jessie—send for Jessie!"

"Then go and look for her," said O'Gog, "for ye'll do better than any o' them Indian lazybones; and if ye pass my bungalow, I'll thank ye to ask my Indian lazybones to be quick wid me traps, and 'bove all, me cotton night-cap."

"All right, Ma'am O'Gog," said Clive, inadvertently using one of the slang modes of distinguishing the colonel's.

And thereupon, with a look towards his wife, he left the room, and set out on his search for Highland Jessie.

Had he marked Vengha's face, he would have remarked that it grew lighter as she heard the proposal. Now, supposing that the heaviness which weighed upon her countenance was due to those of the white faces present, it can easily be understood that the going of one of them would proportionably lighten Vengha's features.

There now remained in the room and ante-room, Mrs. O'Gogarty, Dr. Phil Ethingham, and the chaplain, George Graham. Clive had not left the room three minutes, when Phil looked hurriedly at his watch.

"By Jove," muttered he, "there's those poor fellows not seen since the afternoon!"

Thereupon he started up.

"Where are ye going?"

"Going over to see a couple of the sergeants, who are down with English cholera."

"They're nayther of 'em in danger, are they?"

"No; but the fellows like to see me often."

"Sure, be off."

"You'll not leave the bungalow, Mrs. O'Gogarty?"

"I'll not leave the room, doctor."

"There's a good soul—don't."

And here, had the doctor been keeping his watch upon Vengha, he would have seen, for the second time, that the Indian's face brightened.

The doctor gone, Mrs. O'Gog tucked up the yellow sattu all round her, and only the Indian woman being present, she calmly went to the glass, took out from her hair the handsomest little bunch of false curls ever seen, and stowed them away in what she called her "pocket."

Then she went to the door, and, opening it, she said to Graham who, patient and calm in all trouble, was quietly reading a book,—"Don't go," said she; "don't be aither going, for I like company." Graham nodded his head, and thereupon O'Gog returned to her watch.

A few minutes having passed, the colonel's sitting looking at Lota, Vengha said, lowly, "Will not the ma'am sahib sleep? Vengha will watch while the ma'am sahib sleeps! There is a charpoy," she continued, pointing to a couch bedstead in one corner of the room.

"Thank ye," said the colonel, "I'm not sleepy."

Now, had Mrs. O'Gog fallen asleep, it is clear that Vengha had been as good as alone once more with her mistress.

So far, she had not been so since the moment when the captain found her leaning over Lota near the door of his small reading-room.

What if she had poisoned Lota, and in such a safe manner as only to give her the appearance of deliriousness?

Why was the stained lotus broken from her hand?

Then again, why did she tremble when she heard the doctor say that nature and the poison were warring against each other, and that in all probability the former would gain the victory? It is well known the Indians are averse in their ignorance of medicine and the diagnosis of disease, and that correspondingly they believe in the power of their conquerors in curing and comprehending disease. Then, if she had poisoned Lota, it was clear that she would dread Lota's recovery as much as the Indians had dreaded the recovery of Chaplain Graham in the great temple.

Matters remained in this state for about a quarter of an hour, Mrs. O'Gog shaking her head every minute as she appeared to be arriving at bad conclusions as the results of long arguments with herself, when an exclamation made by Graham in the next room caused Mrs. O'Gog to get up, and go to the door.

And now, as she stood with her back to the Indian, this latter looked after her eagerly, as you will sometimes see a caged tiger here in England look after some little laughing child, which runs gaily past the cage. She puts her hand in her breast.

But she was a coward, notwithstanding all her hate, for she remained in this position for many seconds, watching for an opportunity. She had all the will, and not any of the courage to hate. Indeed this is one of the sureties of the life of good men, that the wicked fear to act.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. O'Gog.

"One of the sergeants is dying," said the chaplain; "and a messenger has been sent, saying he wants to see me, poor fellow."

"Sure, then, go; and I hope ye'll send him to heaven direct. And be quick, Graham, for 'tis indeed yourself is slow."

Nor did O'Gog's sight quit him till his back had vanished through the doorway.

Then she came back to watch Lota. She, of the four watchers, now alone remained with the patient.

"Surely the ma'am sahib will sleep?" asked Vengha.

"Bedad, hold your tongue!" said O'Gog, vexed at the suggestion, because there was a good deal in it. She had been dancing, and she had been taking a little refreshment after the dancing; and, to be honestly candid, she was not as wide awake as the colonel's was in a general way.

But the idea of going to sleep was quite out of the question; and so, in order to keep herself awake, she set to work cross-examining Vengha to that extent that had the colonel's been as wide awake as usual, she would have found that the answers did not altogether hold together.

But she was only in the middle of her inquiry when a servant came with a little scrap of paper for the colonel's.

Amelia took it with a mouth as wide open as she could conveniently wear it, an inconsiderable extent, and she opened the envelope.

The note contained the following remarks:—

"Dear Amelia,—The 3—th March to-morrow for Lucknow. Why the devil we should, I don't know. Orders just arrived. The Highlanders go to Havelock at Allahabad. For the lord's sake come and help pack up, or you know what the consequences will be, and I won't answer for a thing. Your loving hubby, TOM O'GOGARTY."

"Sure now, that's awkward, and Lotty in this condition, and how she'll get to Lucknow it's not I am knowing, and have to be left behind she will, and go I must, or the packing 'ull be heart-breakin'; and sure, Vengha, ye can manage to watch me lady for a little while, and they'll be back and myself as well, for I'll not be going to Lucknow without her, and I'll be back in half an hour."

Vengha bowed humbly, but a triumphant look was on her face. In that increasing superstition, which was perhaps a sign of her weakening age, Vengha believed that Siva had moved these people out of the path of her work.

She saw Amelia frowning like a burst water-pipe (she surely could not have been up to much at a packing-up.) She saw the colonel's to the door.

Then she returned to the sick chamber.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### JESSIE.

YOUR sergeant, in a small way, is a king. You know he has, where he is treated well, quarters to himself; and he generally has a wife, by whom the men of his file swear—and wear a good deal—for it is to be deplored that the military appear to find in bad language a certain kind of good fellowship.

Barty's sergeant-major and Barty's sergeant-major's wife were always willing to fill the cup which cheers, and the pipe which comforts, for Barty once or twice a week, when the brave youth thought fit to drop into their quarters; and the way in which Barty would take a spell at nursing one of the youngsters, was, in the sergeant-major's own language, a moral.

But it was when Mrs. McCormack learnt that Barty Sanderson was engaged to Jessie that she brewed the strongest tea, because she asked that young person to that meal directly, and of course Barty was not absent; and if you had seen the four seated square at the square table, in the square room, with everything put away square about them, you would have felt you had taken a lesson in mathematics.

Everything was done to time in that establishment: up at the same moment, to bed at the same instant. Meals every day exactly the same number of minutes in eating them; husband and wife taking the same number of cups, and the dear children having exactly the same number of slices of bread and ghee, to a crust. Mrs. McCormack did everything by clockwork. The staircase was swept her turn in, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and every Tuesday she mended the stockings.

So on the day when Lady St. Maur was seized with her unknown illness, Jessie, in as smart a bonnet as you could wish to see, went to Mrs. McCormack's to tea, and there she met Barty, and she singled all over, and so did the young man.

But it was after tea that Jessie, talking about her laird and her lady, did what many a woman had done who has had a man at her beck and call—she tempted Barty.

"Eh, Barty, dinna ye think ye could do it?"

"Nay, lass; gin she wur a sepy, and stood before me in the field, I se warrant her'd go down, but I se no bluid spiller."

Now this extraordinary sentence was in answer to a proposition on the part of Highland Jessie, who had made the proposal in the heat of the moment, and the warmth of a little cold toddy, to Barty to get Vengha out of the way by an accidental use of—say, his claymore; or, in other words, side-arms. She never seriously meant it, and had Barty agreed to do the deed, she would have given him back that half silver sapphire instant; and yet she proposed that performance, not for any desire for blood, but simply as a kind of satisfaction and comfort to the ocean of dislike she felt towards the Indian.

"I dinna ken weel why I do hate her," he said, "hoor I do ken weel I've just nae love at a' for her."

"And I hope, Jessie," said Mrs. McCormack,—"and as it was Tuesday night, she was at work upon one stocking and Jessie on another—"and I do hope, Jessie, it'll be mainly here ye'll spend what time's your own; and you, too, as well, Barty, which wif' be muckle mair to the purpose than guzzlin' wif' the lads."

It was clear that Mrs. McCormack now looked upon Barty as a man as good as married; and the confidential way in which she talked to Jessie upon domestic matters, clearly showed she accepted that young Highlander as one of her own quality.

And now judge of the bomb which was thrown into the little party, who had been arranging the consumption of pounds of tea in the same square style as that which had recently been swallowed, and in the same square room.

But while sergeant-majors and full corporals may propose, it is generals who dispose; and so McCormack having answered a summons from his superior, came back after a time looking as unlike a Scotchman as surprise could make him, for your Scotchman generally takes things stolidly.

"Hey, mon," said he, addressing Barty, "sair partin' is sorrow—we maun part on the morrow."

"I dinna understand ye, mon."

"Then ye may ken the Highlanders march to-morrow for Allahabad."

"Hey, my air-t-t!" said Jessie, who might well say it, for the organ in question had certainly been palpitating that night.

"And there's mair to ken," said the sergeant-major, fixing a dazed, if still military, eye upon Jessie.

"The 3—th," continued McCormack, "are to strike camp for Lucknow, and now ye ken a'."

Now this parting came with such a crash upon the two who were most to suffer by the arrangement, that neither could speak; and before this mute agitation could be brought to a climax of words, a voice was heard, calling to some one.

"Aye, you sir, which is Sergeant-Major McCormack's quarters?"

"Hey, 'tis the laird's voice," said Jessie; and, Scotch like, recalled to a sense of her duty, she forgot all her sentiment.

She ran out into the passage, and, calling over the stairs, she said, "Hey, Sir Clive, 'tis here—the sergeant-major's quarters."

"Is that you, Jessie?"

"Yes, Sir Clive."

"Then come to your lady at once. She is very ill, and has been asking for you."

"Hey, Sir Clive, I se coming. Gude-bye Barty, lad; ye'll

wright, wi' ye nicht? Gude-bye, sergeant-major, and ye, also Mrs. McCormack, wishing ye weel through yer trouble; and—ah—God be wi' ye Barty—and—ah—"

For it was at this point Barty caught her up in his arms.

She did not stay long in them, nor did he wish to keep her from "my lady." Scotch, both, to the heart—business before love even, any hour in the week.

Within a quarter of a minute, Jessie was at Clive's side, and striding through the quiet streets towards home.

When they reached the bungalow, Clive found the house deserted by the white faces he had left; the colonel's gone, the doctor, the chaplain.

Only Vengha was watching by Lady St. Maur's bed-side.

"How is your lady?" asked Clive.

"Worse, sahib," said Vengha.

"Great heaven!—where's Phil?"

And, so saying, he ran towards the door.

"Here I am!" said the doctor. "Sorry to have left the house; but Sergeant Baldock wanted me; he's dead, poor fellow! I saw you coming up to the house, for the moon is up; but I did not care to call to you. How's your wife?"

"Worse, Vengha says."

"But what does Mrs. O'Gogarty say?"

"She's not there. I only found Vengha by her bedside when I entered the room."

Phil Ethingham's face told the alarm he did not express in words. He pushed past Clive, hurriedly, and entered the bed-room. There sat the Indian, as before, her face downcast and immovable.

Phil went to the bedside.

Lota's eyes were closed, and she was breathing so lightly, that her respiration was hardly perceptible.

Phil quickly raised one of the eyelids, and then his face became still more grave in its expression.

The eye was so turned up in the head that only the white was to be seen.

He turned upon Vengha quickly. Then he stopped his impulse.

He hesitated; then left the room.

He pushed past Clive hurriedly.

"I am going for help," he said. "We had better have a consultation."

"Is Lotty worse?"

"Yes, so much so that I should advise you to be prepared for the worst, Clive."

The doctor hurried past almost like a guilty man. Perhaps he felt that he was guilty. Perhaps he felt that the precautions he alone might have taken he had neglected.

The doctor gone, Clive entered his wife's bed-room. He had no doubt of Vengha.

"The doctor tells me, Vengha, that your lady is dangerously ill."

"Holy Brahma!" cried Vengha, taking Lota's hand and kissing it. "If she die, I will follow her to the great Brahma, who will welcome her, and lay her in his own bosom."

And this said, Vengha turned away and prostrated herself in a corner of the room. Her face was hidden. Could it have been seen, what would have been its expression? One of triumph, or fear, or of both commingled? No one knew. There she lay, her face upon the ground; while Clive, weary at heart and in soul, sat down beside his totally insensible wife's bedside, took her unclasping palm, and waited.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### TOWARDS LUCKNOW.

MEANWHILE red murder was advancing towards the land.

The Nena came and went, always smiling and courteous, and now always busy. He attended no balls or parties; he was too busy. Sometimes at Bhitoor, rarely at Cawnpore for more than an hour, and for the most part at the village of Ballour—wherever he was he gave innumerable interviews, and appeared to interest himself in the business of every one of them.

No European took note of this extraordinary conduct on the part of an Indian prince. They were on the edge of a volcano, and they did not even mark its smoke.

But, while speaking of the Nena Sahib as the incarnation of Indian duplicity, in common fairness we should urge that, for one Indian prince who played the traitor, there were scores who were faithful, while some remained, as they remain, attached to the English people and the Court. As a worthy instance let us name the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who to this day is a favourite at the English Court. This prince is the representative of Ranjeet Singh, who was one of the most splendid of Indian princes. Our engraving (a) gives a specimen of the grandeur of his Court at Lahore.

The Nena came and went, and wherever he went a certain official—his executioner—went with him. This man, long since executed, was noticed no more than any other Indian as he passed the whites. They little dreamt that as he looked upon them he anticipated the time when he should revel in their lives, and slash their blood out of them. The hatred felt in England towards this man can only be comprehended by turning back to the printed descriptions of him which were published at the time of the massacres. It is years since that horrible time. Now India is quiet, a new system reigns, and every day the land is becoming more peaceable and valuable. And this national happiness draws a kindly veil over the rage of hate for India which characterized the English in 1857-8. How that almost unchristian hate was expressed the note on the Butcher of Cawnpore is an example (b).

(a) THE COURT OF RUNJEET-SINGH AT LAHORE.—The subject of the picture is the Court of Runjeet-Singh; and it contains the portraits of upwards of one hundred and forty persons who sat to Mr. Scholtz, the artist, by the desire of their sovereign. The picture represents a scene which can never again be witnessed at Lahore, and of the numerous chiefs and men of rank whose lineaments are here portrayed, few indeed now remain. Runjeet Singh himself is long since dead, and his representative, Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, is residing in England, a favourite at the Court of those who now rule in his dominions. In the picture, the Maharajah is receiving homage from the nobles in the presence of his troops at the last festival of Dusseerah, which had been celebrated with great pomp from time immemorial, and which lasted nine days. The object of the festival was to commemorate the ancestral deeds, and to preserve the remembrance of the victories of old. The festival was so rigorously observed, that those who had not the means of keeping it often sold their children to procure them. The scene was a brilliant one. In no other Eastern court was there ever such a display of jewels, bullion, silks, and shawls of Cashmere, as on these occasions. Goolab-Singh, the late Governor of Cashmere, usually presided as grand master of the ceremonies at these dazzling receptions. There are details in the picture which cannot be produced in the engraving. Consequently, much of the labour of the artist is lost. The whole subject is full of interest, and there is not a single figure that does not in some way contribute to the whole. The colouring is rich, and the light and shade are so managed, that every object stands well from the canvass; and all the details are elaborated by the hands of a master.

(b) THE BUTCHER OF CAWNPORE.—This is not Nena Sahib—the incarnation of the revolt—arch-butcher though he be. This is the pictorial verisimilitude of the absolute butcher—the real executioner—the chief of the wretches who were selected to slay the victims of the massacre of Cawnpore. It is well that the world should look upon the portrait of the man of blood, even as we will keep in our memory the fact that there was once an inextinguishable villain called Judas Iscariot. Yet it is difficult to realize the whole awful truth, or to think that this is indeed the effigy of the incarnate devil whose murderous sword slew the matrons, and the maidens, and the children of England. It is difficult to believe that the ruffian could ever have been a child himself; that he could ever have hung at his mother's breast; that he could have been suckled by aught else than a tigress or a she-wolf. Was he bred in a stable? Was he fed on raw meat? Who taught him to spill blood? Who gave him an appetite for



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